

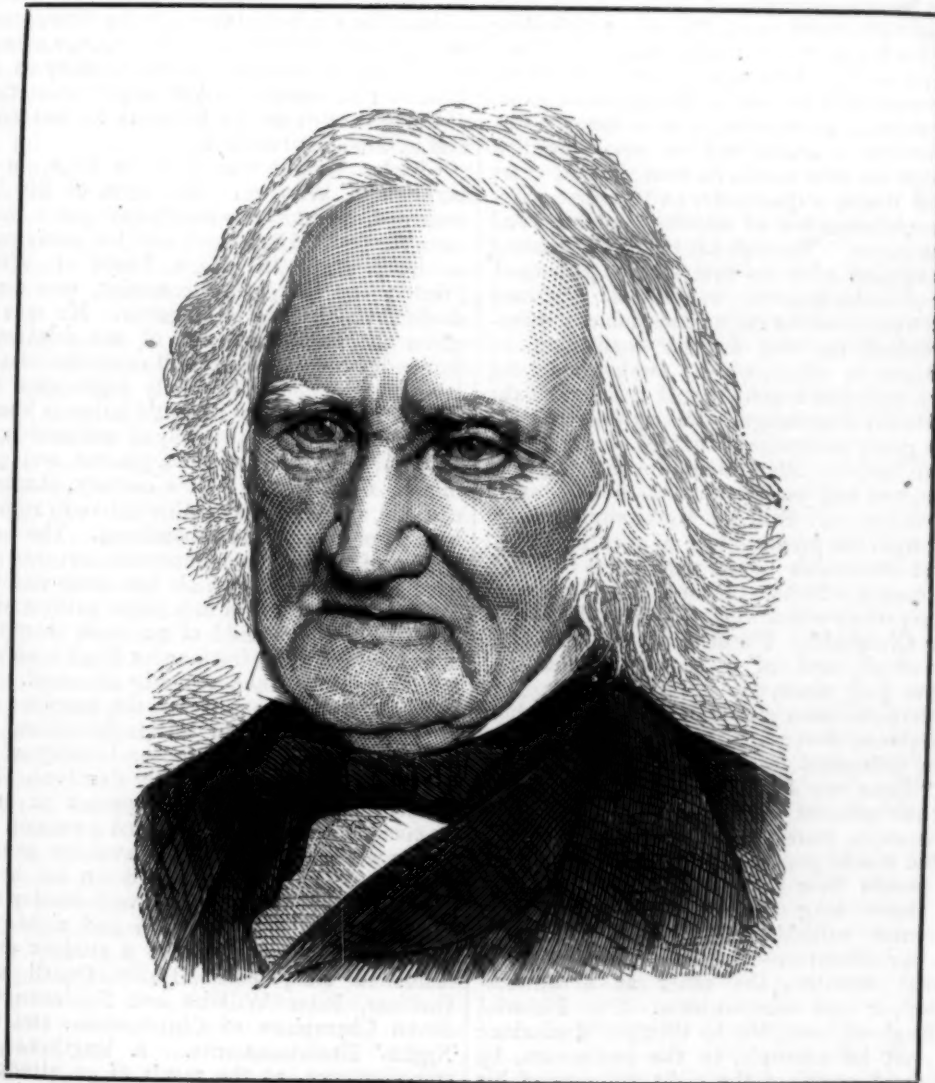
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CHARLES KNIGHT.

(From a Photograph by Jabez Hughes, Ryde.)

CHARLES KNIGHT.

AS an Author-Publisher Charles Knight's reputation is unrivalled. As a Popular Instructor and Practical Educator of the masses he has never been surpassed. For upwards of half a century he spent himself, his time, his energies, his intellect, his fortune, his every capacity in the endeavour, quite apart from the Government, to diffuse useful and entertaining knowledge among the multitude. It is no exaggeration to say that the works he has published form of themselves a voluminous library, or that those he has written with his own hand are an attestation of singular ability. Together, the enormous mass of books he has thus produced, as an author and as a publisher, are a lasting monument of his industry and of his enterprise. They justify his claim to many high titles as a man of letters. They demonstrate that he holds distinguished rank, and that securely, as an essayist, a biographer, a historian, a journalist, a critic, and an encyclopædist. Associated with his own name, he brought out, years ago at different times, a Quarterly, an immense series published in rapid sequence of Shilling Volumes, and a Weekly Newspaper. Through his hands the reading public was supplied with its first cheap periodical. The *Plain Englishman*, however, was but the precursor of other yet cheaper, and far more remarkable, publications. It prepared the way for his connection, as business manager, as editor, and as publisher, during so many years, with the now historical Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Through his association with that great enterprise it enabled him to give to the world in lavishly illustrated weekly numbers, monthly parts, and half-yearly volumes, the long array of the *Penny Magazine*. Still more memorably, it led to his issuing from the press, in like manner, piecemeal first of all, but afterwards bound together in two-and-twenty noble quarto volumes, that most wonderful and compendious repertory of knowledge, now world-famous as the *Penny Cyclopadia*. Pictorial works, again, of considerable scope, and of a thoroughly national character, have long since, through Charles Knight's intelligent enterprise, been placed within the reach of lettered Englishmen of even moderate means. London has thus been delineated by pen and pencil—England also in the "Land we Live in"—the annals of the country, and the greatest of all Englishmen. In the two latter instances, moreover, the embellished publications, as the result proved, only prepared the way for original works from the author-publisher's own hand that have long come to be regarded as among his most valuable and remarkable contributions to our literature—the one in his capacity as a national annalist, the other as a Shakespearian biographer and commentator. The Pictorial History of England, compiled by Charles Macfarlane and others, led, for example, to the production, by Charles Knight himself, of the eight volumes of his Popular History, a work in many respects of standard excellence. The Pictorial Shakespeare, again, was followed in due course by that exhaustive inquiry in

regard to the particulars of the life of the master-dramatist himself, which reduces to comparative insignificance the labours of all the rest of his biographers. It is peculiarly and especially as a Shakespearian annotator and as an annalist of the English People, not of the Kings only, but more particularly of the People or Commons of the United Kingdom, that the veteran publisher, upon whose laborious career we are about to comment, holds his surest claim to remembrance himself in connection with the national literature. In his character as publisher his paramount merit is this—that for years together, courageously and munificently, he proved himself to be one of the most energetic and remarkable of all the great pioneers of education long before the cause of education was adopted by the Legislature or the Government. As a man of letters he has claims upon our admiration, but as a practical volunteer in his capacity as a National Educator he has claims yet larger upon the gratitude of the masses in whose interests he has so resolutely and assiduously laboured.

Charles Knight was born in 1791, in the royal borough of Windsor. His span of life has already exceeded, therefore, by nearly two years the age of an octogenarian. His father, who for many years carried on business in the High Street of Windsor as a printer, stationer, and bookseller, was a man of undoubted probity and intelligence. He was brought up under the immediate care of his relative, the Rev. James Hampton, who is still remembered as the translator of Polybius. The only publication with which the name of Charles Knight's father is known to have been associated in the way of authorship, was "The Windsor Guide," compiled, printed, and published by him in 1785, and for half a century, through repeated editions, recognised as authoritative in regard to all the ins-and-outs of the neighbourhood. The earliest recollection of his son and namesake appears to date back hardly so far as that which has been visibly preserved of him by the art of a miniature painter who, in 1793, depicted him as a child of no more than two years of age clad in a white frock and a black sash as mourning for his mother, then recently deceased. All that is known of her is that she was the daughter of a well-to-do yeoman of Ivers, in Buckinghamshire. Upon the bereaved father, the Windsor bookseller, the care of the little creature thus early devolved. Nursed and dandled among books, he appears at an unusually precocious age to have acquired a passion for reading. Books were his toys, and his favourite game was their perusal. Scattered up and down his home, littered about all the rooms, was a very motley and curious collection. Already at seven and eight years of age he was becoming a bit of a student over the old-fashioned story books, Philip Quarill and Lemuel Gulliver, Peter Wilkins and Robinson Crusoe, the Seven Champions of Christendom, and the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. A lengthened illness and convalescence, as the result of an attack of typhoid fever, must have rather confirmed those studious habits, although they were for a while interrupted by his going for change of air, scene and diet, to Brock

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Hill Farm at Warfield, in Windsor Forest—a scene charmingly depicted years afterwards by Charles Knight in that sketch of his in "Once upon a Time" headed "The Farmer's Kitchen." Several delightful months having been loitered through at the Farm-house, the boy returned home in somewhat better health to begin his dull round of studies at a day-school, the merest rote-work, as he describes it, over entirely unexplained names in geography, laws of grammar, and rules in arithmetic. A taste of Latin and a relish of French were there, as an exceptional luxury, afforded among a few others to the son of the local bookseller. When the turn of the century came, he was still grinding on in the midst of these uncongenial drudgeries. A notion is caught of the startling difference observable between the situation of things as they were then and as they are now by remembering that whereas nowadays one can be whisked down in half an hour by rail to Windsor from Waterloo, it took five hours and upwards to lumber along the highway by coach to the royal borough from the White Horse Cellar in Piccadilly. It is characteristic also of the remote past to which the veteran publisher could look back in his autobiography that among his earlier reminiscences was that of his hearing the guns of Windsor Castle fired on the morning of the 1st January, 1801, in celebration of the Union marked by George III.'s new title as King of Great Britain and Ireland, the shamrock as well as the thistle being then for the first time interwoven with the rose in the chaplet of Britannia.

At twelve years of age, that is in 1802, Charles Knight was relieved from further attendance at the day-school in Windsor, being sent instead as a boarder to a classical academy of some eminence then kept at Ealing by the Rev. Dr. Nicholas. His most agreeable association in connection with that establishment appears to have been the fact that he there secured the friendship, and awakened the interest in his own regard as a boy student, of one of the assistant masters named Joseph Heath, a Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford. His schooling was over by the midsummer of 1805, when he was taken home and apprenticed to his father. Then began for him in earnest if not the best, certainly the most practical, education of all, that by self-instruction. His reading though desultory was wide, sometimes searching, and always singularly discursive. Nor was it that his life was given up exclusively in his leisure hours to book-learning. He haunted the river banks as an angler, and loved to loiter by the hedgerows and under the greenwood tree as a student not of books but of nature. His surroundings at the same time were sufficiently interesting. He remembers seeing Mr. Pitt in 1804 waiting, among the crowd, for the appearance of the King and Queen on the Eastern Terrace, and noting, even as a boy, the great minister's broad and lofty forehead, his quick, alert eye, and that nose so twisted out of the perpendicular that his enemies were wont to say it was as crooked as his policy. Even as a schoolboy home for the holidays, he was familiar with the sight of old Farmer George in the royal box at the little Windsor Theatre, calling out

"Bravo, Quick! bravo Suet!]" as, seated by the side of Queen Charlotte, with the satin playbills spread out before them, he enjoyed the night's performance. He remembers, even a couple of years previously, in 1802, being taken across to Slough to look through the great telescope erected there by Dr. (afterwards Sir William) Herschell, the astronomer. Hair in those primitive times was still powdered, queues were still unrolled once in the twenty-four hours, combed out, greased, and rolled up again. Between the ages of fourteen and seventeen Charles Knight was learning practically the trade of a printer, the knowledge thus acquired standing him in good stead during many an after year, not as a professional printer, which he never was, but in his triple character as an author, as an editor, and as a publisher. At sixteen, certainly an early age at which to enter upon his quest, he became what even Hill Burton would have regarded as a genuine and confirmed Bookhunter. Insomuch was his enthusiasm in that direction manifested that on going, money in hand, to make some rare purchase from a clergyman, then breaking up his library to go out to an appointment in Hindostan, the vendor was so struck by the liberality and ardour evidenced by the young book-buyer that he handed him what turned out to be a most precious gift saying, "Young gentleman I give you that imperfect copy of Shakespeare for yourself." This imperfect copy was nothing less than one of the first folios of 162, lamentably defective in many parts, but capable, as its new owner soon showed of wonderful reparation. Selecting fly leaves from among other folio works of the seventeenth century in his father's stock, fly leaves that would match the paper of the flawed folio of Shakespeare, the future Editor and Biographer of the Dramatist with the aid of the oldest type in the paternal printing office, actually contrived with wonderful ingenuity to make good the missing, tattered, or otherwise damaged leaves of his dearly treasured possession. The incident is in every way characteristic. It is distressing to add, however, in regard to it that the prize thus admirably perfected passed out of his hands almost upon the moment of its completion. A sum so tempting was offered for it by one of the Eton private tutors, to whom the stripling's father had shown it, with an account of the manner in which its deficiencies had been made good that the treasure was lost as quickly as it had been acquired. Where, we cannot help wondering, is that now doubly precious and curious folio of Shakespeare?

Evidently enough, Charles Knight could think for himself, as a politician, when he was seventeen. He acknowledges, indeed, in his *Prelude of Early Reminiscences*, that, as the result of much brooding, in spite of his youth, he gradually, in regard to the whole of the then-existing system, grew into a chronic state of suspicion. Delolme, and Burke, and Blackstone were already among his familiars. The Hunts—John and Leigh—who had just then, in 1808, started the *Examiner*, seemed to him about the only true men among the leading publicists of a time that was certainly degenerate.

A couple of years after this period, a book society of

about a dozen persons was formed at Windsor, in 1810, the members of which unanimously elected Charles Knight, then twenty years of age, their president. Hitherto his life had been passed almost exclusively in Windsor, or its immediate neighbourhood. About this time, however, he ventured, upon the occasion of a more extended excursion, upon what seemed to him then the perilous passage in a hoy to Margate. At twenty-one, the term of his apprenticeship expired. Then it was, in the February of 1812, that he went up from his provincial seclusion at Windsor to look about him for a few weeks in the great world of the metropolis. His stay in London at this time extended to a couple of months altogether. There can be little doubt of it that it expanded his views, influenced his career, and strengthened his character. Through his father's friend, George Lane, then editor of a long-since forgotten morning paper, called *The British Press*, he got his foothold at once in the gallery of the House of Commons as a sort of honorary or supplementary reporter. What was especially notable for him, he, in that capacity, upon one lucky evening, found his opportunity. Late at night, during the sitting of the 27th February, when all the other reporters of the *British Press* had left the gallery, Mr. Canning unexpectedly rose and began the delivery of one of his greatest orations. Charles Knight, who knew nothing whatever of shorthand, nervously began with a rapid pen to follow the speaker in his harangue. Heartened by his equable delivery, and his sonorous declamation, the young reporter found himself able, by occasionally skipping a sentence, to keep up with Canning's utterance. Immediately the orator's peroration was closed, the impromptu reporter, his hastily-scribbled notes in his pocket, hurried on foot to the printing-office, in the Strand, where, by five o'clock in the morning, his full report of the speech was rapidly set up and printed in time for the regular publication.

Before the ensuing summer had quite run out Charles Knight had not only settled down in association with his father at their Windsor place of business, but had become co-proprietor with him of the first newspaper ever established in the royal borough. It was a weekly journal, to be published on Saturdays. The earliest number appeared on the 1st August, 1812, and the title of the organ was the *Windsor and Eton Express*. The younger of the two proprietors undertook from the first the responsible editorship.—His motto was aptly, indeed wittily, chosen from Locke, "This is a question only of inquirers, not disputers, who neither affirm nor deny, but examine." How truly he wrote from the outset *currente calamo* is shown by his timing himself in the production of his leaders, constraining himself, in other words, to pen a leading article within a specified interval. His reason for so doing sprang from his own conviction that one of the surest tests of ability is really rapid composition. For fifteen years altogether—namely, until 1827, he continued to exercise upon this Windsor organ his facile hand as a public journalist. How heavily burdened newspaper proprietors were in those days, in this happier time almost passes comprehension. The news-

paper stamp, to begin with, a weight upon each imprint, now utterly abolished, was then fourpence. Consequent upon this the average price of every country journal was sevenpence. Then, again, the duty charged upon paper was threepence in the pound, the material itself besides being wonderfully dear from the comparatively slow and therefore costly process of its manufacture. Mechanical labour of all kinds, moreover, was at the period referred to alarmingly high. Nor can this be very much wondered at, seeing that corn had actually risen, in the very year in which the *Windsor and Eton Express* was started, to the all but famine price of 150s. a quarter. In all England there were scarcely a hundred country newspapers. The youngest among them and about the most enlightened in its general views, was the one which had thus started into existence under the very shadow of the walls of old Windsor Castle. Notwithstanding his pre-occupation in journalism, Charles Knight found time in 1813 to write a five act tragedy, partly in verse, partly in prose, entitled *Arminius; or, the Deliverance of Germany*. It was offered by him, but in vain, to the management of Drury Lane Theatre, among the leading members of which was Mr. Whitbread. Although it failed thus to be brought before the footlights it was, later on, in 1814, printed and published by the young dramatist. In his "Passages of a Working Life" we see that he refers to this play as though it were utterly extinct and forgotten. There is one copy of it, however, to our knowledge that is not still in existence, but carefully preserved. The play is written ardently, and, were it not by an Englishman, we should have said patriotically, in celebration of the portentous uprising of the whole Teutonic race after the terrible retreat from Moscow of the Grand Army under Napoleon. While that astounding event was yet in progress—when Pius VII.'s prediction that the arms of the Emperor's warriors would fall from their grasp was being literally fulfilled, there descended, even as far west as upon this island, a fall of snow, the like of which there had not been within the memory of man, and anything approaching to which Mr. Knight (who remembers it well) declares has certainly never since been witnessed. Venturing on horseback along the Bath road, he was only able to go a mile or two beyond Salthill by a lane which had been cut through the solid snow, the walls of which rose on either side to an extraordinary altitude. Oxford was without any mail for four days together. The towns and cities of England until the thaw set in were as if beleaguered. A frost-fair was held on the Thames between London Bridge and Blackfriars, and it is curious to remember, now, with the great artist still amongst us as hale and hearty as ever in his eighty-first year, that, according to Mr. Knight, who is nearly two years his senior, what has best preserved the scene then witnessed from oblivion is a wonderfully graphic woodcut in Hone's "Every Day Book," pencilled by the then youthful hand of George Cruikshank.

Newspaper prospects were opening and expanding to view in brilliant perspective when, on the 29th November, 1814, the *Times* appeared, having actually been

then run through the press for the first time by Koenig's printing machine. Whether encouraged to the belief by the capabilities thus unfolded before him or not, Charles Knight during that very same year, 1814, first cherished the idea of his one day, through the press, becoming a popular instructor. If the application of mechanical ingenuity to the smoother working of the machinery employed in printing did not actually give rise to the notion, the coincidence of time thus marked is certainly very surprising. Charles Knight himself quotes from "Quentin Durward" those prophetic words of Martivalle, "Can I look forward without wonder and astonishment to the lot of a succeeding generation on whom knowledge shall descend like the first and second rain, uninterrupted, unabated, unbounded?" And in citing that passage he wisely and admirably likened the printing press to the coming of the first rain and the contrivance of the printing-machine to the happy portent of the "little cloud no bigger than a man's hand" giving promise of that second rain which was soon after to be poured out like loosened floodgates when the newly invented printing-machine was absolutely, swiftly, and unerringly to be worked by the steam-engine. There was a bitter time for waiting, however, before any such halcyon epoch should arrive. The insensate legislature of this country, as if bent upon making the then sufficiently dire confusion worse confounded, in the February of 1815, passed the astounding Act which peremptorily closed the ports of the United Kingdom against foreign grain until such time as the price of native grown wheat should have been driven up over 80s. a quarter. The frightened kings had chained Prometheus to his rock in the Atlantic, but the peace thereby secured was anything but a millennium. Waterloo showed the reverse to its glittering medal at Peterloo. France was only held down in obedience to the restored Bourbons by the brute force of Foreign Occupation. The safety won through the subjugation of Napoleon was that, not of the Peoples of Europe, but of the Sovereigns. In the midst of the general distress and heart-burning there came a brief and illusory cause for rejoicing here in England—we mean the marriage of the Princess Charlotte to Prince Leopold, afterwards the sagacious King of the Belgians. In honour of their nuptials Charles Knight wrote a masque in two cantos, called "The Bridal of the Isles." It ran to a second edition, but, as was only natural in regard to a *pièce d'occasion* like that, has long since been forgotten. Supplemented to it on its republication in 1817 was his significantly entitled monody of "The Blighted Hope," in which the poem or epithalamium of the masque closed in a dirge-like lamentation. If the days of the Regency had their joys and sorrows, they had their brutalities none the less glaringly although the State was presided over at the time by "the first gentleman in Europe." Bull-baiting was still a street pastime. Cock-fighting was yet a favourite sport of dandies and aristocrats. It realises to the mind's eye somehow, at once grotesquely and vividly, how very different was the general aspect of the middle classes at that period when we learn that the ordinary costume of a provincial

bookseller and newspaper editor like Charles Knight included among its items buckskin breeches and top-boots. In spite of tops and leathers, which would now appear so incongruous, he was, on the 25th March, 1818, nominated one of the Overseers of the Parish of Windsor by his father, then the local chief magistrate. Having a few months previously hit by chance on a copy of Fairfax' Tasso, he was heartened to try his hand at a new venture, namely, that of its revival, as a *treasure trove*, through republication. About this time, therefore, he realised the design which he had first announced in the October of 1817, in the early flush of his own delight upon first perusing the "Jerusalem Delivered." The Anglo-Italian masterpiece was duly reprinted, and, prefixed to it, its new editor gave from his own hand a life both of Edward Fairfax and of Torquato Tasso. His earliest venture of any importance, however, he himself regards as having been really first intimated in his journal of the *Windsor Express*, under date the 11th December, 1819, through an article of his, headed Cheap Publications. It was, in point of fact, the blurting out at last of hopes and wishes which he had been cherishing for five or six years together in regard to the possibility of his one day producing a cheap and wholesome literary miscellany. As the outcome of the long-meditated scheme, there appeared, on the 1st of February, 1820, the first number of a new periodical, entitled *The Plain Englishman*. Associated with him in its production was Edward Locker, formerly Secretary to the Fleet under Sir Edward Pellew (afterwards Viscount Exmouth), and eventually the Resident Civil Commissioner at Greenwich Hospital. Knight's co-proprietor and co-editor in *The Plain Englishman* is otherwise one whose identity is interesting to note. He was the son of Admiral Locker, for whom Lord Nelson always entertained so much respect and affection; and he was the father of Frederick Locker, the poet who, next to Præd, is, to our thinking, the most finished master of the delicate art required in the production of the true *vers de société*. Politics, at that time, were treated of generally in a style that was strong, rank, and high-flavoured. "The Political House that Jack Built," pattered out by William Hone, and embellished with the inimitable drawings by George Cruikshank, of Derry Down Triangle, of the Dandy of Sixty, and all the rest of them, we, fortunately, ourselves possess a copy of—a prize now, if not as rich, certainly as rare to get hold of as the congelation of a fly in amber. And that one renowned political skit, of itself, assuredly yields proof positive that the days and the ways of journalists then were not as ours are. Through all the turmoil of those stormy times, however, when the nation was, more or less, set by the ears, if by nothing else, by the quarrels raging between George IV. and Queen Caroline, the Windsor editor, with his local *Express* and *Plain Englishman*, held his own at once, be it said, vigorously and yet temperately. The latter publication closed its career during the December of 1822, on the completion of its third volume, and is worthy of remembrance now as having been really the first of all the cheap periodi-

icals. As a remarkable coincidence, Mr. Knight has himself pointed out that on page 277 of that concluding volume of *The Plain Englishman*, one of the articles is significantly entitled "Diffusion of Useful Knowledge." Anticipating thus, in 1822, by five years, the very name of the Society which was to be inaugurated in 1827, and, through his intimate connection with which, the provincial publisher, author, and editor was to exercise little less than Imperial influence over the intelligence of great masses of his contemporaries.

Meanwhile on the 13th June, of 1820, Charles Knight received the unlooked for offer of the editorship of the *Guardian* newspaper. As the result of the negotiations he soon afterwards on moderate terms became not only its editor but its sole proprietor. The arrangement involved a change of considerable importance to him as the event proved, namely his removal from Windsor to the metropolis. A couple of years sped by in the agreeable excitement of his new career in the midst of London journalism. During the course of 1822, however, he parted by sale with what had been all the while one of his hobbies—the *Guardian*. Before the first five months of his connection with it were over, by the way, he had on the 1st November, 1820, begun publishing down at Windsor for a brilliant set of young students including among them three or four youths of unquestionable genius, an immense improvement upon the *Micromes*, called the *Etonian*. Among the fifteen contributors to its pages there were some that were especially notable. Winthrop Mackworth Praed, then a pale and slender youngster, writing already the most exquisite caligraphy, and signing himself by his favourite pseudonym, Peregrine Courtenay, was among them all incontestably *facile princeps*. Conspicuous among his fellows was Sidney Walker, who at seventeen dashed off his radiant epic on "Gustavus Vasa," a slovenly figure, pirouetting in his walk, clapping his hands with delight in the face of any pretty girl he happened to meet, "with the joy of a savage," as Macaulay said of him, "when he first sees a tenpenny nail." It was with these and with a throng of kindred spirits that Charles Knight was brought into communication in connection with their college organ of the *Etonian*. Immediately on Praed, in the summer of 1821, going up to Trinity College, Cambridge, the publication, in spite of its success, ceased and the fifteen contributors were scattered. So much was this matter of regret to Mr. Knight as their friend and publisher, that welcomer than flowers in May, there came to him in 1822 a letter from Mr. Praed summoning him to Cambridge. Hastening thither he was there memorably for him introduced by Winthrop Praed to Thomas Babington Macaulay. Others were there among the Cantabs ready and eager to take part with them in a new literary enterprise in the shape of a periodical publication. To the programme of the suddenly improvised scheme there were altogether twenty-five signatures. Peregrine Courtenay became Vyvyan Joyeuse, Macaulay adopted the name of Tristram Merton, *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* in due course made its appearance, the publisher reluctantly but as it proved inevitably drifting into the editorship.

During a year and a half it flourished. With the issuing from the press of its sixth number, however, it expired.

Charles Knight in the meantime had settled down as a London Publisher in Pall Mall East at the house having on one side of it the print-shop of the Messrs. Colnaghi, and on the other the College of Physicians. There from the drawing-room balcony he witnessed on the 12th July, 1824, the sorrowful *cortège* following the remains of Lord Byron as they passed through London on their way from Missolonghi to their grave near Newstead. There from his warehouse beneath the balcony he issued before the year was out those "Recollections of Lord Byron," the author of which (Dallas, a connection by marriage of the poet's) had himself died on the previous 21st October. Two other publications of Charles Knight's are not unworthy here of passing mention: one being Robert Mudie's "Babylon the Great," and the other Milton's Latin Treatise on Christian Doctrine, both the original and the translation, the latter being the production of Dr. Sumner later on the Bishop of Winchester. During the August of 1825 Mr. Knight made an excursion to Paris, returning from his trip apparently impressed somewhat as was John Philip Kemble when he visited the French capital immediately after the peace was declared. For, on being asked by a venerable old friend of ours, one of the most distinguished of the French emigré ecclesiastics, what he had most remarked during his travels, "Monsieur l'Abbé," said John Philip, with a grandiose air, drawing himself up to his full height, "I have seen—Talma!" Somewhat in the same spirit, Charles Knight, in jotting down his recollections of a first sight of the French capital makes particular mention of his having witnessed the acting of the great tragedian who, he observes emphatically, "united, as I then thought, the majestic impressiveness of Kemble with the passionate energy of Kean." High praise, as Kemble himself would have allowed with something like pride, only that it coupled his own name with that of one in regard to whose electric bursts of genius he could merely admit that Mr. Kean was "terribly in earnest."

A considerable part of the summer of 1826 Charles Knight passed at Windsor planning the scheme of a National Library. This project was eventually taken up by Mr. Murray, of Albemarle Street, Mr. Knight himself being lured off in another direction. Mr. Brougham in point of fact was, in the autumn of the same year 1826, maturing his plans for the establishment of what, in the end, turned out to be the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. A communication was one day received at Windsor by Charles Knight, then by the way just thirty-four years of age, an eager and heart-wakening letter from his friend Matthew Davenport Hill, of Birmingham. In answer to this epistle he at once hastened up to London where almost immediately upon his arrival he was introduced by Mr. M. D. Hill to Henry Brougham. The interview took place one memorable November night at the great lawyer's chambers in Lincoln's Inn. Brougham was then in the zenith of his fame, and in the fulness

of his wonderful powers. He was at the time only a very few days from the completion of his forty-seventh year. Mr. Knight, before they thus came familiarly face to face, expected, he says, to find a man "stern and repellent." Not unnaturally, remembering how often he had seen the dreaded Queen's Attorney-General in the House of Lords—we are here giving Mr. Knight's own words—"wielding a power which no other man seemed to possess; equivocating witnesses crouching beneath his withering scorn; mighty peers shrinking from his bold sarcasm; the whole assembly visibly agitated at times by the splendour of his eloquence." Welcomed by Mr. Brougham with a cordial grasp of the hand, reassured upon the instant by his unpretentious manner and charmed by the warm interest manifested by him in the views they had met to discuss, Mr. Knight seems to have yielded at once to the glamour of his manly fascination. Their meeting in this way was fraught in the end with important consequences. Not immediately, however. The moment had not then arrived at which they could work together as they did for so many years afterwards, in earnest co-operation. The man was there, but the hour had not yet struck. Besides this, as events only too soon showed, Charles Knight himself had to pass through a rather formidable ordeal. By the spring of 1827 his mercantile enterprizes had reached that state of complication that a definitive arrangement as to his responsibilities became inevitable. His property of every kind having been realized, land, houses, newspaper, stock, copyrights, the proceeds were dealt with by private trustees, and his affairs administered. He had to begin the world again stripped of everything. Like another Knight we wot of, he had lost all but honour. As the summer approached he selected a new abode at Brompton, where with his wife and four little girls, he settled down hopefully rather than despondently. He became contributor to a new paper called the *Sphinx*, which had just then been started by Silk Buckingham. On the 1st May he had seen Canning pass, with a radiant face, towards the entrance of the House of Commons, the pride and hope of the nation, as head of a new Government. On the 16th August he saw his coffin lowered into the grave in the north transept of Westminster Abbey. In politics, as well as in life and letters, there were as startling changes as in a shaken kaleidoscope. The gaudy-coloured, and, for the most part, frivolous Annuals were then fluttering their summer day like a flight of butterflies. Ackermann had his "Forget-me-not," Alaric Watts his "Literary Souvenir," Samuel Carter Hall his "Amulet." Charles Knight for once had to do with just such another elegant publication. He edited for Messrs. Smith and Elder, in 1827, "Friendship's Offering," which, under his auspices, then made its appearance. Side by side with such glittering ware, however, he carried his marshal's bâton in his knapsack. It was virtually drawn forth for him on the 26th July, 1827, when at the general meeting on that day of the Committee for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge he was formally appointed to superintend the Society's publications. A career worthy of

him, of his peculiar powers as a literary organiser and of his many long-cherished aspirations as one especially desirous, if possible, of becoming a popular educator, then opened up before him in earnest. He realised at last the fact that he had immediately within his reach the eagerly looked for opportunity. On the 1st January, 1828, he produced for the Society the first issue of, what has ever since then been continued annually, *The British Almanack*. Directly afterwards, he brought out, what has unerringly pursued it, year by year, ever since, as surely as the shadow the substance—*The Companion to the Almanack*. In the March of 1828, in his private capacity, that is altogether apart from his labours in connection with the Society he became part proprietor of the *London Magazine*. Prior to that, on the 7th February, he had the satisfaction of doing a good service to Mr. Brougham which that great orator thoroughly appreciated. It was a source to himself also of no slight gratification. With a view to make notes of the speech then about to be delivered by Brougham in the House of Commons upon certain Reforms in the Courts of Common Law, he sat in the gallery listening to that memorable harangue of six hours' duration, the beautiful and majestic peroration of which gave such noble augury of the time when law should be "no longer dear, but cheap; not a sealed book, but a living letter; not the patrimony of the rich, but the inheritance of the poor; not the two-edged sword of craft and oppression, but the staff of honesty and the shield of innocence!" Systematically, and for weeks together, Charles Knight traversed various parts of England visiting the chief cities and towns of the kingdom as industriously as any bagman—as he used to say himself when asked in the commercial rooms what he travelled in,—"In Useful Knowledge, sir!" His unflinching perseverance met with the reward it so well deserved. Affairs began once more to prosper with him. Insomuch that, before the midsummer of 1829 had arrived, he was re-established as a publisher at his old premises in Pall Mall East. Simultaneously with his production of the first volume of "The Menageries," Mr. Murray, who had by this time seceded from the Society, brought out the first volume of "The Family Library." Subsequently appeared the preliminary dissertation to the Society's admirably conceived and well-arranged *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*. That preliminary dissertation, written by George Craik, has long since acquired celebrity. The very title of it is a household phrase, and it is interesting to learn from Mr. Knight, and to realise from the circumstance the keen and watchful regard Henry Brougham had to all the details of the Society's publications, that Brougham's proof of Craik's book shows that to the former, and not to the latter, is owing its felicitous appellation as the "Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties."

In the spring-time of 1830 Mr. Knight was writing the second volume of "The Menageries." Upon the 26th June, in the midst of a terrific thunderstorm that raged over the chief part of England, George IV. expired, and was succeeded in due course by the sailor

Duke of Clarence. Immediately after death had thus brought about a change of sovereigns at Windsor, revolution did the like at the Tuileries. Hardly had the latter transformation of things, or transposition of persons, been effected when, like so many other Englishmen at the time, Mr. Knight again made another excursion to Paris. His stay there was only, however, for a fortnight. On his return events, materially affecting himself, thickened. Mr. Brougham, with whose interests his own were now so intimately associated, was returned as M.P. for Yorkshire. Not only that, but when Parliament met he was unmistakably found to be Master of the Situation. Meanwhile in the House of Lords, on that first night of the session, the Duke of Wellington made the fatal declaration on his own part and on that of his colleagues, that nothing whatever in the way of so-called Reforms would be tolerated. In consequence of which avowal the Ministry was overturned by the 16th November. According to Sydney Smith's phrase, "Never was any administration so completely or so suddenly destroyed." From his grand and simple pride of place in the Commons Henry Brougham had to advance, at a rapid stride or two, to the woolsack in the Lords as Chancellor. When the day came for his taking his seat there for the first time, Charles Knight had been summoned by a note to attend the Lord Chancellor at his private room in the House of Peers for a moment's interview. The mace-bearer and the purse-bearer were there in attendance, ushers jostled each other in the doorway, time was running on, Lord Brougham was late, and the House was in eager expectation of his appearance. "I can only stay to say a word," he exclaimed on his arrival, adding, as he gathered up his robes, "Advertise Paley to-morrow morning." And so in due course, as Charles Knight observes laconically, when recalling the incident to recollection, "Paley's Natural Theology, with Notes and an Introductory Discourse, by Henry Lord Brougham," was duly advertised as immediately preparing for publication.

Scarcely a month had elapsed after the accession of the Grey ministry when, on the 1st January, 1831, the *Quarterly Journal of Education* was commenced. Its editor was Professor Long, and its career extended over five years altogether. It should be remembered, to Mr. Knight's honour, that the hazard of this particular enterprise was not the Society's, seeing that upon himself individually, in his character as publisher, devolved the risk of the undertaking. About this period he himself produced two singularly instructive and eminently suggestive little volumes, entitled respectively, "The Results of Machinery" and "The Rights of Industry." The latter, which was in some sort a sequel or supplement to its predecessor, is better known by its sub-title of "Capital and Labour." The two were afterwards, in an expanded form, reprinted together in one volume under the axiomatic heading of "Knowledge is Power." The Reform Bill was yet being passed through the committee of the House of Commons in the February of 1832 when, upon the 13th of that month, a newly created office at the Board of Trade was offered to Charles Knight by Lord Auck-

land, then the President of that department of the Administration. Honoured though he was by this proffered advancement, Mr. Knight on reflection felt that his true path in life was already selected, and therefore declined the flattering temptation. The post, which placed its recipient at the head of the statistical department of the Board, was eventually given to Mr. George Porter, the author of a valuable work on Silk Manufactures, then recently published in Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. Worthier of note than his nomination to any such appointment was Charles Knight's inauguration immediately afterwards of one of the Useful Knowledge Society's most celebrated and important publications. On Saturday, the 31st March, 1832, there appeared, in fact, number one of *The Penny Magazine*. It was derided at the commencement of its career even by an apparently competent judge like Dr. Arnold as mere "ramble scramble," whatever the great schoolmaster may have meant by that contemptuous epithet. Notwithstanding, there can be little doubt that it accomplished very much indeed in the way of promoting the real interests of popular education. Issued from the press weekly, at what Montague Tigg might have called the ridiculously small amount of one penny, it elevated the taste of the multitude by placing within their view admirable wood-cut engravings of such artistic masterpieces as the Laocoon and the Apollo Belvidere, as the cartoons of Raphael, and the Gothic Cathedrals of Christendom. Whereas Edmund Burke, forty years previously, had estimated the number of readers in this country at 80,000, the subscribers to the new magazine, the actual purchasers of it, reached within a year the enormous and, at that time, unprecedented aggregate of 200,000, shewing that the actual readers must have been a million, at the most moderate computation. Upwards of fourteen years elapsed before the career of this remarkable organ had fully run out. Its closing number was published on Saturday, 29th December, 1845. But, even then, a supplementary series was produced, beginning in the January of 1846, and being continued to the number of six monthly instalments, under the title of *Knight's Penny Magazine*. Rival periodicals meanwhile had sprung up around it in abundance. Its circulation, though considerable to the last, had wonderfully diminished under the influence of excessive competition. It had, nevertheless, nobly served its purpose, and may still be borne gratefully in the popular recollection. A week at Keswick, in the autumn of 1832, during which, as the great man's guest, he enjoyed familiar intercourse with the Lord Chancellor Brougham, admirably served to put Charles Knight in good heart for the herculean task upon which the Society, under his immediate superintendence, was then upon the eve of adventuring. On Wednesday, the 2nd of January, 1833, the first number of the "Penny Cyclopædia" made its appearance. Like the magazine, it was issued, at any rate during the first year, in penny weekly instalments. Supposing it to have been continued in the same way, it was afterwards calculated that the time occupied in its piecemeal publication, thus, would have actually extended to

twenty-seven years. A new arrangement, therefore, became inevitable. A double number, weekly at twopence, appeared during the second twelvemonth. In the third year, the size and cost of each instalment was quadrupled. The effect of this unavoidable modification of the original plan became, however, all too soon very seriously manifested. Whereas the penny numbers had enjoyed a weekly circulation in 1833 of 75,000, the twopenny sold to the extent of only 55,000. At the end of the second year, when it had become necessary to issue the work at fourpence, it sank to 44,000, the minimum sale being reached by the close of the third year, that is about 20,000, a number which it never afterwards exceeded, and which, though it was sustained to the end, never, unhappily, proved remunerative. Hardly can this be wondered at, however, bearing in mind the magnitude of the undertaking and the munificence displayed to its staff of 200 original contributors. No less magnificent an amount than the sum of £42,000 was paid to the authors, artists, and wood-engravers engaged in furnishing copy and embellishments to the "Penny Cyclopædia." When the balance came to be struck at the end of twelve years on the completion of the work in seven-and-twenty quarto volumes, early in 1844, it was hardly matter for surprise that with no larger sale during the last nine years than that of 20,000, the outlay was found to have exceeded the receipts by fully £30,788. During the first few months of publication the Cyclopædia appeared under the joint editorship of Charles Knight and Professor Long. The former recognised clearly enough, however, that a divided authority, like that, was no authority. In consequence he magnanimously yielded up the entire conduct of the work to the able guidance of the distinguished scholar who had hitherto been simply his collaborateur. Nine years after completion, a revised reissue of the work, condensed in bulk, but expanded in knowledge, was published under the immediate superintendence of Charles Knight assisted by two others (A. Ramsay and J. Thorne)—the production in its new shape extending to twenty-two volumes, and being entitled "The English Cyclopædia." Eight years elapsed before its completion in 1857, the work being portioned out in four divisions—Geography, Natural History, Biography, Arts and Sciences. A grander production of the like kind, based as this one was on the original work, but, unlike it, subdivided into ten instead of merely four departments, was projected under the title of the "Imperial Cyclopædia." By reason of the certain costliness of the production, and the uncertainty of the support it might receive the idea had reluctantly to be abandoned. As a purely hypothetical masterpiece it takes its place consequently among the lost books of the world. Reverting to the period at which the earlier of the two noble cyclopædias already described was actually produced, a long and splendid array of substantial quartos, we may here remark, in continuation of Mr. Knight's personal history, that immediately after the passing of the Poor Law Amendment Act on the 14th August, 1834, he was nominated publisher by authority to the Commission, at the same time that

Mr. Edwin Chadwick was appointed to the secretaryship. For two years together, beginning in the May of 1832 and ending at the midsummer of 1834, he had been issuing for the Useful Knowledge Society, in half-crown monthly numbers, the beautiful and sumptuous work known as the "Gallery of Portraits." At the beginning of 1836, a year memorable in the history of cheap publications as the one in which the duty on paper was reduced from 3d. to 1½d. a pound, and in which the old newspaper stamp of 4d. dwindled to a penny, he commenced what took two years and a half before it was completed, a work at that time wholly unexampled, "The Pictorial Bible," the illustrations to which were superb both in their beauty and in their abundance. This remarkable production was most carefully edited throughout by John Kitto, the deaf and dumb scholar. Next in order among Charles Knight's more splendid bibliographical achievements was the publication, in three really matchless volumes, of such an edition of "The Thousand and One Nights," popularly known as the Arabian Nights' Entertainment, as had never before been seen, and as certainly has never since then appeared. The translation from the Arabic original, which was entirely new, was from the hand of Edward Lane, the gifted orientalist. The woodcut embellishments which, as one may say, tessellated and embroidered the letterpress in exquisite profusion, were from the masterly pencil of William Harvey, one of the most rarely qualified of all book illustrators. Well do we remember Leigh Hunt showing us a copy of this veritable *édition de luxe*, his own treasured copy of it, one that he had read and re-read, always with increasing delight, under every woodcut in which he had written the exact definition of each scene depicted, in his own elegant and thoroughly Italian caligraphy. Well, also, do we remember Sir William Napier, the Historian of the Peninsular War, asking us eagerly with an especial reference to this particular work, what had become of the once famous artist William Harvey, that, as he termed him, most charming of book illustrators? Little did we expect at the moment that long afterwards, when Harvey had been six years peacefully at rest in his grave, we should, quite by accident, find ourselves sojourning for several weeks together in the very house—in the very room—occupied for upwards of thirty years together by the inimitable draughtsman, the very apartment in which his cunning pencil had so often, and always so dexterously, moved with magic rapidity over the wood block! His residence, by the way, being one of the oldest among the more quaintly fashioned tenements in the Vineyard at Richmond. Another important work of Charles Knight's, one which it is his great honour not only to have published, but to have himself edited with luminous care and exactitude, and in the embellishment of which William Harvey again very notably assisted, was the "Pictorial Shakespeare" in eight volumes, a work which the author-publisher first meditated producing in 1837. A companion work to that was his "William Shakespeare, a Biography," the opening chapter of which he began writing in 1842 at (of all good places in England) Stratford-upon-Avon.

An encycloædic work on "London," extending in the end to eight volumes, all of them lavishly embellished, was brought out in weekly numbers, between 1841 and 1844, under Mr. Knight's own personal superintendence. Great care was shown by him also in watching through the press "The Pictorial History of England," also in eight volumes, which was originally produced in monthly instalments. On the 29th June, 1844, appeared the first of the extended series of "Knight's Weekly Volume," each book being issued at the unexampled price of one shilling. It continued uninterruptedly for two years together, as many as 105 volumes being thus accumulated by the subscribers. Among them were several which Mr. Knight himself had either wholly or partially produced. A selection from the Lowell Offering by the factory girls, preceded by an introduction from his own hand, formed one of not the least interesting of the collection, under the title of "Mind among the Spindles." Another was Charles Knight's biography of "William Caxton" the first English printer. Other works were contributed to the series by fellow labourers as distinguished as Professor Long, Mr. Lane, and Lord Brougham. When the two years were finished, and upwards of a hundred volumes were ranged upon the bookshelves, a monthly series extending over two years additional under the title of "Knight's Shilling Volume," made its appearance in continuation. Possibly it was that the novelty of the publication had worn off. Whatever the reason may have been, at any rate, the enterprise was unsuccessful commercially. Steadily and laboriously Charles Knight among all the alternations of success and failure toiled on. Going upon what turned out to be an idle quest in search of something especially valuable in the way of Folklore, he, in the summer of 1844, started, with Professor Long, upon a brief but pleasant excursion into Germany. One of the many comprehensive and daring publications edited by himself was "The New Orbis Pictus"—a veritable pictorial world—extending to seven folio volumes, comprising within them altogether as many as 12,000 engravings. The work embraced within it four divisions, all of them eminently pictorial, a "Sunday Book," "Animated Nature," a "Gallery of Arts, and "Old England." Akin to the last-mentioned work was that other more highly-elaborated production of Charles Knight's—"The Land we Live In." The circulation achieved by this work, in the lapse of years, has been something fabulous, and defies computation. A sort of pamphlet-record of the difficulties encountered in its course by the "Penny Cyclopædia" was given to the world in 1850, by Mr. Knight, under the title of "The Struggles of a Book against Excessive Taxation." From this narrative, it actually appeared that as much altogether as £16,500 had been paid by him to the Excise upon that single publication. The overwhelming responsibilities devolving upon the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge Society, by its having embarked upon another magnificent and most tempting literary enterprise led, on the 11th March, 1846, to its at length formally announcing its own disruption. The under-

taking which had led to this result was no other than the commencement of a voluminous and comprehensive "Biographical Dictionary." Seven half-volumes of the work alone appeared. Upon those the excess of expenditure over receipts was fully £5,000. It became apparent that £15,000 additional would have at once to be sunk if the project was persisted in. The Society was disheartened, and at length, after no undistinguished career, disappeared. Not so the Society's publisher and business-manager, during so many years of courageous and singularly adventurous enterprise. With unflagging energy, he still persisted resolutely in the course upon which he had originally entered with such calm and confident deliberation. He still strove to the uttermost to rid the land of that vile, cheap press, which he dubbed "The Sewer," and to replace it with something wholesome and worthy of the generic name he claimed for it of "The Fountain." Referring to those who were, unhappily, engaged in furthering the villainous interests of the former, he spoke with withering scorn of "children being employed to arrange types, at the wages of shirt-makers, from copy furnished by the most ignorant, at the wages of scavengers." Whatever he could do towards advancing the good cause, he did eagerly and ungrudgingly, and often at great labour to himself, and almost always at great pecuniary hazard. A cherished notion of his was to write "The History of the Thirty Years' Peace," that is from 1816 to 1846. This he actually commenced, writing himself the first book, comprising within it the annals of 1816 and 1817. His business preoccupations were such, however, at this time that he was precluded from all thought of carrying out his enterprise. Fortunately, he found an admirable substitute—the work thus inaugurated by himself being continued to its most successful completion by Miss Harriet Martineau.

Immediately after the abortive attempt at a Chartist Rising in London, on the 10th April, 1848, when the chief part of Europe was more or less agitated by the emissaries of secret societies and the advocates of subversive doctrines, Charles Knight, in his character at once as a loyal and enlightened Englishman, started, and for a brief interval, from the 22nd April to the 13th May, carried on a weekly journal, called *The Voice of the People*. In the very first article in it, just as Sir Robert Peel had once put the financial poser, "What is a Pound?" the author-publisher (again turned journalist) propounded the pertinent inquiry, "What is the People?" His argument in it being mainly and strenuously directed against one of the most villainous of the many mischievous books of Michelet. In the July of the following year, 1849, he took a fortnight's holiday, in company with Douglas Jerrold, in Ireland. It was Jerrold, by the way, who so aptly, in answer to a sudden challenge, sketched his character in one terse phrase, speaking of him and to him at the same moment with the wit of an epigrammatist. Epitaphs had been under discussion during the evening at one of their social foregatherings, and the guests were dispersing, when Charles Knight asked Jerrold to suggest one for him. Regarding his friend for a moment with a bright-eyed look, the wit, with a start and a grasp of

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the hand, exclaimed, "Good Knight!" A kindlier epitaph, or a more chivalrous one, no man could wish; and if strenuous and leal kind service done consistently at any and every opportunity, in the interests of the common weal can deserve it, in this instance it has indeed been nobly well deserved.

If it was ever urgent that the right word should be said without a moment's delay, Charles Knight has more than once shown himself instant in its utterance. When the cholera suddenly reappeared in 1853 in London, his Broadsheet of "Plain Advice" was out and about, forthwith obtaining an immediate circulation of 100,000. When, in the following twelvemonth, there appeared in the *Times* of September the 24th, 1854, "Typhus and Cholera, an Eclogue," the metrical argument was his, S. T., the signature affixed to it being the last initials of his Christian and Surname. He has evidenced repeatedly in the course of his career his especial interest in anything connected with his avocations as a publisher and as a journalist. Immediately the compulsory stamp on newspapers was abolished he brought out, what failed to succeed, however, *Charles Knight's Town and Country Newspaper*. Asked to preside in 1852 at the opening of the Sheffield Athenæum, he there delivered a discourse upon "The Importance of Literature to Men of Business." Through the cogent reasoning of his brochure entitled "The Case of the Author as regards the Paper Duty," coupled with the argument of his other pamphlet already mentioned in relation to the encyclopædia, there cannot be any doubt that he materially helped to bring about the abolition of that most oppressive of all the taxes upon knowledge. As in 1854 he found a theme thoroughly congenial to his taste in "The Old Printer and the Modern Press," so again in 1865 he discovered another subject of kindred interest to descend upon in "Shadows of the Old Booksellers." Among his minor volumes there was one of a miscellaneous character published as far back as in 1844 simply entitled "A Volume of Varieties." When half-a-dozen years afterwards *Household Words* was upon the eve of being inaugurated, on the 30th March, 1850, Charles Dickens cordially invited him to become a contributor. As the result of that gratifying request for co-operation in what he

recognised at once himself as so radiant an exemplar of the literary Fountain, he wrote from time to time a series of pleasant gossiping papers, afterwards collected together in his charming volume entitled "Once upon a Time." During the years 1847 and 1848 Charles Knight brought out, first of all in a periodical form, afterwards bound in four attractive volumes, a collection far beyond the old-fashioned *Elegant Extracts*, one

called by him "Half Hours with the Best Authors." The writers thus quoted, some forty of them at the time still living, numbered in all three hundred. Prefixed to each was a brief biographical notice penned by the editor, the whole work forming a very compendium of English literature. In 1851 Mr. Knight brought out a companion work in the same way, entitled "Half Hours of English History;" and in 1867 a first series of "Half Hours with the Best Letter Writers and Autobiographers." Between the winter of 1855 and the winter of 1862, the veteran author was publishing book by book the eight volumes of his "Popular History of England." He has the satisfaction of knowing perfectly well himself that it is, in the general regard of his contemporaries, not only a substantial, but what is likely to prove an enduring, contribution to the national literature. An epitome of the work in one compact volume under the title of "The Crown History of England" has helped to popularise its venerable writer's name among the schoolboys of England. Under the title of "Passages from a Working Life During Half a Century," Charles Knight recounted in three animated volumes the salient incidents of his career as an author, as a publisher, and as a journalist. Although he had already passed the scriptural age of man when he began writing this autobiography, and in the course of his narrative had occasion to enumerate many really remarkable achievements, the work had not one single touch throughout of either garrulity or boastfulness. It was the frank and manly record of a well spent and laborious life, the fruits of which are yet ripening and will continue to ripen for generations.

MEMORIES OF NAPOLEON III.

TWENTY years ago we saw Napoleon III. driving out in an open carriage from his home and birth-place, the Palace of the Tuileries. It was a bright sunlit day in the January of 1853. It chanced that we were strolling across the Place du Carrousel at the moment the Emperor was going out upon one of his ordinary afternoon drives in the Champs Elysées. As the simple but well-appointed phaeton, only noticeable as the Emperor's from the coachman and groom being in the Napoleon green-and-gold liveries, we noticed a rush from the bystanders to welcome it as it passed under the Triumphal Arch above which the classic horses ramped in mid air. There were cries of "Vive l'Empereur" and single flowers and bouquets—where they came from in the wintry season was the wonder—were showered into the carriage upon its occupant. Those who threw them had evidently been waiting for their opportunity. It seemed to be not *their* custom in particular, but the custom of chance twos and threes of the Parisians, at the time, "always of an afternoon." A day or two afterwards, sauntering along the pavement of the Boulevard des Italiens, we observed a throng of foot-passengers of all classes, dandies and bonnes, the cocotier with his little tin temple on his

back and his bell for a moment silenced, clustered together round the shop door of a fashionable jeweller's, opposite which was waiting, by the kerb, a thoroughly English-looking turn-out—a high-pitched Stanhope, with a belted and buckskined groom standing in front of the horses' heads, matched by another in the rumble. One thing, however, about them was not English—they, too, had the imperial liveries and in their hats the imperial cockade. As we were sauntering by, the shop-door opened, the crowd divided, every head was uncovered, and, as the Emperor, passing within arm's reach of us towards his carriage, took the reins and drove off, a cheer was raised among the bystanders. A couple of soldiers of the line who had paused to see what was going on stood at the moment just at our elbow, one of whom exclaimed to the other, under his breath and with a cordiality of tone that implied he meant it, "Bon homme!" Napoleon III. was at that time not quite forty-five years of age. Scarcely a month had elapsed since his attainment of the very summit of his ambition. A *lustrum* had passed since his installation as Chief of the State. His election then had come to him originally through ballot-boxes held by the emissaries of his most formidable competitor, General Cavaignac, then dominating France, sword in hand, as Dictator. Notwithstanding, the heir to the empire had been returned, as all the world knew, not only unhesitatingly, but by an overwhelming majority. Three years of the Presidentship at the Elysée had brought him to the period when a complication of intrigues among those who dreaded him in the Assembly brought to him one day, or rather one night, in the simple exercise of his clear common sense, a very simple and sharply-defined alternative. Either to allow himself to be incarcerated in Vincennes, or, by anticipating their action, to outwit and completely checkmate his antagonists. The result of his calm, instant, and most deliberate decision was the *coup d'état* of the 2nd December. Thereupon came his direct appeal to France to revise their choice of him, and by so doing to say whether he had acted as the nation itself wished in dealing with his adversaries. The answer was conclusive. Seven millions and upwards gave him in reward the renewal for ten years of the dignity of the Chief Magistracy. For a couple of years events then rolled on, the influence and *prestige* of his Government all the while increasing. At length, on the 13th September, 1852, came the prayer of the French Senate for the revival of the hereditary sovereign power in the family of the Bonapartes. Immediately afterwards, to test the popular feeling, the Prince-President made his memorable tour of the central and southern provinces. On the 19th September an enthusiastic reception was accorded to him at Lyons, hitherto the stronghold of red republicanism. On the 23rd, an infernal machine, contrived for his destruction, was providentially seized at Marseilles. On the 27th, he was rapturously welcomed at Toulon, the very spot where his uncle's first success was achieved. At Bordeaux he was entertained at a sumptuous banquet, during which, when returning thanks for the toast of his health, he uttered his famous *mot* in regard to the expected

empire, "l'Empire c'est la paix!" That was on the 7th October, and upon the 16th, on his return towards the capital from the provincial tour where he had been everywhere greeted with ardent cries demanding the imperial restoration, he made his public or, it might rather be said, his triumphant entrance into Paris. The whole population was there eagerly awaiting his appearance. A dense multitude stood in serried ranks upon either side of the grand road extending in a straight line through the Champs Elysées from the Arc de l'Etoile to the Palace of the Tuileries. From end to end between the confronting crowds the roadway was kept perfectly clear, the whole scene radiant with sunlight. When the moment for the Coming Emperor's arrival approached, the first sensational effect was no less startling than this: Suddenly a squadron of cavalry with helmets and breast plates glittering, rushed at a gallop under the Arch of the Star, every cuirassier waving his drawn sword over his head with a cry of "Vive l'Empereur!" The cavalcade thus with a blare of trumpets and a clatter of hoofs, and a roar of voices, sweeping past on their way to the Place de la Concorde. A considerable interval having then elapsed, Napoleon III. that was to be appeared, entirely alone on horseback, followed at a distance of twenty or thirty yards by a brilliant staff of generals and aides-de-camp. With the constitutional heroism for which all through his life he was remarkable, he thus strove to secure those in immediate attendance upon him from any possible risk of assassination. It was upon that doubly historical occasion that the Prince President *in esse*, the Emperor *in posse*, on arriving at the Tuileries by a chivalrous *coup de théâtre* appeared upon the balcony, there overlooking the gardens, side by side with Abdel Kader whom he had just then liberated. But a very little more than a month after that the *senatus consultum* was formally submitted to the ratification of the people, that is, to the choice of the ten millions of adult Frenchmen. History will not forget the instant and unmistakeable response of that vast multitude. When the urns of ballot were opened, at the first hurried calculation of the *ouis* and *nous*, the computed aggregate of each on being hastily jotted down, stood thus:—

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Turning that computation over, when it came to be seen through, it was actually discovered that those cabalistic figures revealed in mysterious characters the word—

EMPEREUR

Anyone may readily, by simply writing out the Arabic numerals upon a slip of paper, and then looking at

them from the back see at a glance the literal accuracy of this assertion. When the voting papers came to be scrutinised with greater exactitude the outcome of this amazing *plébiscite* proved to be even larger. The ayes were very nearly *eight millions* altogether, the noes being less than two hundred and fifty thousand. Never in the history of any nation was the *imperator* raised upon the shield by so many hands—not the hands of a soldiery either, but those of an entire population. It was but little more than one short month after the announcement of this astounding incident that in the January of 1853 we saw the newly chosen Emperor in the midst of his everyday life, familiarly coming and going, in the midst of his then loyal people of Paris. During the eighteen years of empire that followed he raised France, and himself as its head, to the apex of power and influence upon the European continent. As the liberator of Italy he led her armies in the field, victoriously, enabling him to have his effigy by right thenceforth upon the coinage, laurel-crowned, as Victor as well as Emperor. For Paris itself he did more than Trajan did for ancient Rome. From being the metropolis of France, he so adorned and beautified it that the title not simply assumed by itself, but accorded to it by surrounding nations, was actually that of the Capital of Christendom. To England, held jealously aloof by preceding sovereigns of France, he showed himself from first to last the most loyal ally she had ever possessed. Her soldiers and his fought and bled, "brothers in arms and rivals in renown" upon the glorious battlefields, where they won historic victories together in the Crimea, in China, and in Japan. When our whole Eastern empire seemed crumbling in our grasp at the time of the Indian Mutiny, he offered, as only a loyal friend and a right noble soul could have done, to aid us if we so pleased *vi et armis*. Lombardy he wrested from Austria and handed over to King Victor Emanuel. Venice, in like manner, was first ceded to him to be transferred to the royal leader of the Italians. Mistakenly as it happened, but with a lofty purpose at heart in so doing, he created for a brief interval a Mexican empire and handed it over to the ill-starred and Knightly Maximilian. France all the while in her material resources flourished as she had never flourished previously. Yet, being mortal, he failed as well as succeeded. He was human, and therefore showed himself liable to errors of judgment. In obedience to clamour he relaxed his grasp upon the reins of Government. Constitutional changes were adventured upon by him both in the organising of the Legislature and in the distribution of responsibility in the Administration. Freedom of the press was allowed to run into the wildest licence. Rochefort's lurid cynicism was permitted to flame out through *La Lanterne* at the risk of kindling a social conflagration. His sinister voice was enabled to sound the watchword of revolt all rule through his later organ of the *Marseillaise*. An insidious opposition was at work preparing the way for changes and modifications that, in the mere chapter of accidents might yield them at last their long-looked-for opportunity. A vigorous Minister of States whose genius had won

for him the *sobriquet* of the Vice-Emperor was replaced by a weak though showy political theorist and *doctrinaire*. Everything meanwhile in Germany was preparing for a crisis that had long with difficulty been delayed. Austria had been throttled and thrown to the dust at Sadowa. Denmark had been seized upon suddenly and robbed in the matter of Schleswig Holstein. Hanover had seen her blind king hurled from the throne without the smallest provocation and summarily deprived of his dominions. The turn of France was to come—and came. Within as well as beyond her frontier everything worked to admiration in the interest of the conquering Teutons. Ostensibly the responsibility of throwing down the gage of battle devolved upon the French instead of upon the German Government. Throughout France, but especially in Paris, there was a frantic clamour for war being declared. The Emperor yielded to it, but reluctantly. *Alea jacta erat*, and at its being thrown, as if dragon's teeth had been sown there, armed men had sprouted up in myriads from the Fatherland. The sequel, who does not remember? It fills one of the most lamentable pages in the history of modern civilisation. After a glorious reign of two-and-twenty years, four as President, eighteen as Emperor, Napoleon III. fell from his pride of place under the crash of an appalling catastrophe. Overwhelmed by misfortunes, he still won the world's sympathy by the dignity with which they were endured. Throughout his career he has been reviled as hardly any other who could be named, his fair fame being held up by the more malignant of his foes as a very target of opprobrium. History, however, will yield honour to one who for forty years could wait so patiently, for twenty years could reign so grandly, and who in the end, when the time for his downfall came, could submit to such dire calamities with so noble and affecting an endurance. Dethroned and in exile, he might have said quite truly in the exquisite words of Byron, before breathing his last, but yesterday, in dignified seclusion at Chiselhurst—

"But I have lived, and have not lived in vain,
My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,
And my frame perish even in conquering pain;
But there is that within me which shall tire
Torture and Time, and breathe when I expire;
Something unearthly which they deem not of,
Like the remembered tone of a mute lyre,
Shall on their softened spirits sink, and move
In hearts all rocky now the late remorse of love."

MUSICAL ENGLAND IN 1872.

THE year which has just closed has been discussed with much fulness by our daily contemporaries from all points of view as far as its political and social events are concerned, but little effort has been made to trace its influence upon musical art, or to estimate the progress made in our concert rooms and our opera houses either as regards the performance of old works or the production of new. And yet musical England

has its history, as truly as the England of the statesman and the merchant, and a review of the year will not, we believe, be without interest in these days when the votaries of St. Cecilia are more numerous than at any previous period within the memory of the present generation. "Musical England" is, indeed, notwithstanding the assertions of certain prophets of evil, gradually becoming a fair and just description of the country, and a brief glance at the work of the past twelve months will show how little cause we have to fear comparison with those continental nations who are generally accredited with the possession of a greater amount of musical taste and intelligence, at any rate as far as mere industry in the provision of high class performances is concerned.

Among the people music is now a subject of regular instruction. The labours of Mr. Hullah and the other pioneers in the sight-singing movement, commenced about twenty years ago, are beginning to bear fruit, and 1872 has witnessed the appointment of a Government musical inspector, the adoption of vocal music as an integral part of our national system of education, and the introduction of the Tonic Sol Fa system into the schools controlled by that most costly and obstinate of all our recent inventions, the London School Board. These signs of progress, while satisfactory in themselves, also prove that music is becoming thoroughly popular, and that the ability to read a few bars of minims and crotchets is no longer regarded as an accomplishment to be specially confined to one class of the population. If, however, we take our stand a few steps higher on the social ladder, the state of affairs is not so encouraging. Musical teaching in the schools for the middle and upper classes still resolves itself into the lesson on the pianoforte, which has unhappily but too little connection with the art, and results in a merely perfunctory discharge of the unpleasant duty of an hour's practice, leading up gradually to the attainment of a certain amount of mechanical proficiency in the execution of drawing-room variations on themes already worn to death by German bands and barrel organs. To remedy this evil it is absolutely necessary to secure a full supply of qualified teachers, not of persons who merely make music one of their subjects, but of men and women who have made the art their special study, and to this end it is essential that England should possess a vigorously conducted music school, with a sufficient subsidy from the State to enable it to open its doors to students who have no means of paying for instruction. That we are in this respect almost where we were at the beginning of last year is, indeed, true, but the hearty celebration of the jubilee of the Royal Academy of Music during the past summer showed conclusively that the leading members of the profession are satisfied with the present conduct of the institution under Sir Sterndale Bennett, and it is, therefore, obvious that the Government has no longer any right to refuse to increase its present almost absurd annual donation of £500. If the taxpayers would regard the subject from a common sense standpoint they would, we believe, see that the investment of about £5,000 a year in this way would be amply

remunerated if their sons and daughters were provided with efficient teachers, setting aside the collateral, or, as some would, perhaps, be inclined to term them, the primary advantages of raising up a school of native artistes, if not of native composers, qualified to hold their own with their foreign brethren in the artistic commonwealth. As matters stand, the supply of really qualified teachers, even including the French, Italian, and German professors who meet us on all sides in England, is so unequal to the demand that men who would be able to do good service with their pens are induced to spend their hours on the music stool, giving those costly "finishing lessons," which in too many cases are like the golden pinnacle to a gingerbread temple, and merely serve to render more conspicuous the nature of the structure beneath. Here, then, the year has its lesson, even if it has borne little real fruit, showing that all we need is an increased supply of funds, the public demonstration at the fiftieth anniversary of the Academy having removed any doubts as to the public confidence in its management, such as were both felt and expressed a few years ago.

Turning from musical education, and from an institution which has done, and is still doing, real work, to another, which promised great things, but has performed absolutely nothing, we find in the Albert Hall a miserable illustration of the truly English capacity for "muddling away," not only money, but golden opportunities. Opening with an international musical celebration, unworthy of the occasion, the first year was occupied with a series of organ recitals by second-rate Continental players—only one English organist, Mr. T. W. Best, being heard—while last year's operations ended in a complete *fiasco*. M. Gounod, in the teeth of the remonstrances of all who really understood the subject, was appointed director of the Choral Society, and proved his limited view of the work which such a body ought to undertake by providing his choir with a series of *rechauffés* of old Latin hymns, varied only by re-arrangements of English, Irish, and Scotch melodies, which had already been "arranged" by native composers to everyone's satisfaction, or by new works from his own pen. The absurdity of the appointment of a foreigner to direct the choir of an institution which was supposed to have been established to promote the interests of English art, was thus clearly shown; for, while no one doubted the great composer's ability as a choir-trainer, of which he had given such striking illustration in his work with the Parisian Orphéonistes, in days gone by, his idiosyncracies were so marked as to render him specially unfitted for the post in which he was placed by amateur imbecility, and from which he has since been removed, by the same power, without over-much courtesy. The remaining events of the year at South Kensington resolved themselves into a series of concerts, directed by Messrs. Mapleson and Chappell, good enough, as far as they went, but in no wise differing from the programmes regularly provided by these gentlemen on their own responsibility, at St. James' Hall, and elsewhere. The Albert Hall has thus proved itself to be little more than a concert-room, conducted by a public

company for the delectation of the shareholders and of the residents in a particular locality, the reputation of a great name, and the consequent patronage of Royalty, having been secured to float an undertaking which, whatever it may do in the future, has, in the past, done absolutely nothing for art or artistes. Against the continuance of such a condition of affairs we deem it our duty, in the interests of the public, as well as of musicians, to enter a protest, and we trust that the coming year will show a disposition on the part of the authorities to turn from the error of their ways.

While the latest of our so-called institutions has thus been of little service, our oldest society, the Philharmonic, under its professional managers, has done its season's work for the sixtieth time right well. Its novelties were, as novelties should be, selected from the past as well as the present, and the unhealthy craving for absolutely new work when so many gems lie hidden among the old was justly rebuked by its well-arranged programmes. Thus, side by side with new concertos by Cusins and Liszt, similar works never before performed in England from the pens of Handel and Bach were produced, and it would be difficult to point to any year in which the directors showed greater fairness in their selections, English, French, German, and Italian composers being fairly represented. At the new Philharmonic Concerts the individual energy of Dr. Wylde produced some highly attractive performances, although in artistic interest they fell short of the standard reached by the old body. At the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts the zeal of Mr. Manns, strengthened by the ever active brain and consummate taste of Mr. Grove, provided a series of programmes calculated to rejoice the heart of all who love music for its own sake, and the works produced, including an English work at nearly every concert, were all full of interest. The first performance of Mr. Ebenezer Prout's Concerto for organ and orchestra, of symphonies by Henry Holmes and Mr. Wingham, an operetta by Schubert, novelties by Rubinstein and Müller, and a group of overtures by English and German writers showed that the directors are well up to their work—in fact, we question whether there has ever been a more happy combination of executive ability and mental vigour in the interests of musical art than is now to be found in the popular glass-house.

In the chamber music of the year the number of concerts is alone enough to show how the demand for performances of this class has increased since the veteran director, Professor Ella, established his Musical Union thirty years ago. Mr. Henry Holmes, Mr. Coenen, and Mr. Ganz have all laboured with good success to supplement the performances given under Mr. Chappell's direction, and the result is that while symphonies are comparative rarities in our concert rooms, quartets are becoming more and more common.

The old charge of stereotyped dulness must again be brought against the Sacred Harmonic Society, although the edge is taken off our complaint when we remember the undeviating excellence of its performances of works which, though old, are ever new to those who find in

them on each successive reading fresh beauties. At the same time, a body which is as well supported as the Sacred Harmonic Society has ever been should remember that it owes a duty to Art, and it would surely not betray an excess of zeal on the part of the directors if they were to invite two or three of our leading composers to write a work for them every year. Even if one only were accepted, the others would easily find purchasers, and the stimulus would be useful. When we see this course adopted by the directors of all our provincial meetings it shows something nearly approaching to niggardliness that a society which has attained to a position of financial prosperity should not follow suit. The Oratorio Concerts also failed to get out of the groove. Of the purely choral concerts of the year, Mr. Henry Leslie's were as usual the most noteworthy, his performance of Carissimi's *Jonah* being specially commendable. Of the minor concerts of the year, given only with the commonplace object, *pour passer le temps*, and leaving art out of view in the engrossing pursuit of capital, Mr. Boosey's Ballad Concerts and the miscellaneous performances continually cropping up may be mentioned, only, however, for the purpose of protesting against a system which year by year does so much to undermine the public taste and to enervate the *artistes* who lend themselves to it. Utterly worthless music, even if it be indeed worthy of the name, is on these occasions foisted on audiences under the cover of a distinguished singer's facile execution and carefully exercised powers of vocal deception, by which phrases with really little meaning appear to mean a great deal, and thus the dressing of the shop window so skilfully practised in the public streets is imitated in the concert-room, and wares which are worth nothing obtain a meretricious popularity and—sell. In this case, indeed, it may be asked, Cui Bono? except that the aim is so obvious, for, although art gains little, the trade gains much.

Of Italian Opera, which we have left until the last, inasmuch as the season of 1872 deserved little at our hands, we can only speak with regret. Pleasant as it is to see a really great *artiste* in a well-known *rôle*, it is obvious that creative art is not standing still, and we have, therefore, the right to demand from managers something more than a mere series of repetitions. That we failed to obtain this in 1872 our readers will remember, *Il Guarany* and *Gelmina* being produced at Covent Garden, with a result which anyone possessed of the most ordinary musical acumen, who had looked through the scores, could easily have predicted. Under Mr. Mapleson's management, matters were equally unsatisfactory, one performance only of Cherubini's *Deux Journées* serving to remind us of what the director of Her Majesty's once did for art, when he gave us *Medea*, and the other great works which made Her Majesty's Opera, so pleasant to musicians who were satiated with the vocal feats of chief singers. Here, then, again, the year 1872 clearly points a moral, and reminds us that as long as the public demand the constant presence of two or three exceptionally gifted singers, who require fabulous incomes, so long will it

be impossible for managers to expend capital in buying new operas, or placing them upon the stage.

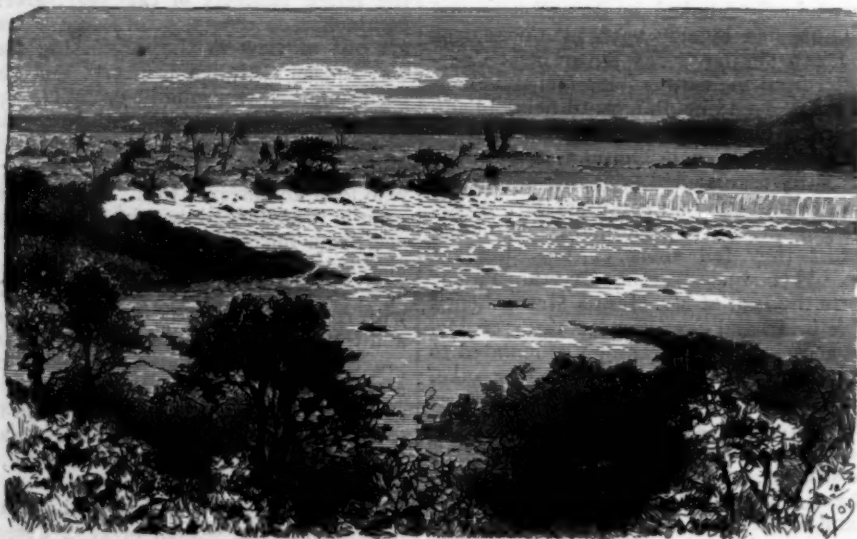
But these are, after all, evils which can be removed. On the broad face of the year there is much to encourage us in our retrospect, although we cannot do more than allude to its chief features here. The steady growth of musical societies in our towns and villages, the real excellence of many of their concerts, and the enterprise displayed by their conductors in the performance of new works by English writers—thus furnishing a clue to the otherwise inexplicable fertility shown in the production of works of the cantata form, which are seldom heard in London, give us good reason for taking courage. If the public is thus trained in the provinces it will in time learn to refuse the trash which is offered to it in so many forms, and a more healthy tone will be gradually recognised. The year

REVIEWS.

Travels in Indo-China and the Chinese Empire.

By LOUIS DE CARNE, Member of the Commission of Exploration of the Mekong. Translated from the French. Chapman and Hall. 1872.

The late Emperor was, perhaps, a true exponent of the wishes of the French people when he sought to acquire in divers and distant regions some spot on which the tricolour might wave. Unhappily for the success of this idea, two most necessary elements were wanting, and the result has been a disastrous failure of the "Napoleonic idea." France has no surplus population to send forth as emigrants, nor has she sufficient trade to render her remote settlements a source of profit to her. She is best known in the southern seas by her navies, and, perhaps, here and there, by her missionary priests; but, as a commercial people—conferring



ONE OF THE CATARACTS OF THE KHONG.
(From De Carne's "Travels in Indo-China and the Chinese Empire.")

showed clearly enough the increasing demand for musical performance, while it also gave evidence of a high standard of excellence in execution as far as our chief bodies are concerned—all that remains is to create as well as to perform, and even in this way 1872 has its work to show, which, though comparatively small, is excellent in quality. With the people at large rests the power of making the next generation really musical, and not mere music lovers, and, as far as we are able to read the "signs of the times," there is a fair probability that this desirable end will be obtained. The race is not always to the swift, and patient work in the good cause will, we have doubt, ultimately win the day.

as well as extracting wealth—she is scarcely known at all; and in our days, as has been justly observed, "the relation of mutual need between metropolis and dependency is the only basis on which empire can be reared, or is worth rearing." In our judgment, therefore, the French settlement in Cochin China is, and must be (like other French colonies) a failure. To M. de Carne it appears far otherwise. He is sanguine enough to believe that Saigon may be to France what Fort William was to India—"the cradle of the immense empire which to-day embraces the whole Indian peninsula, and threatens to overrun China.

But, although we differ from the author in our views of the destiny of the French settlements, we are not the less sensible of the value of the results which the explorations into the interior of China have secured. Siam, Cambodia, and Western China have long been almost unknown lands; the vast region of Laos, through which the river Mekong flows, was little more than a geographical term, and the

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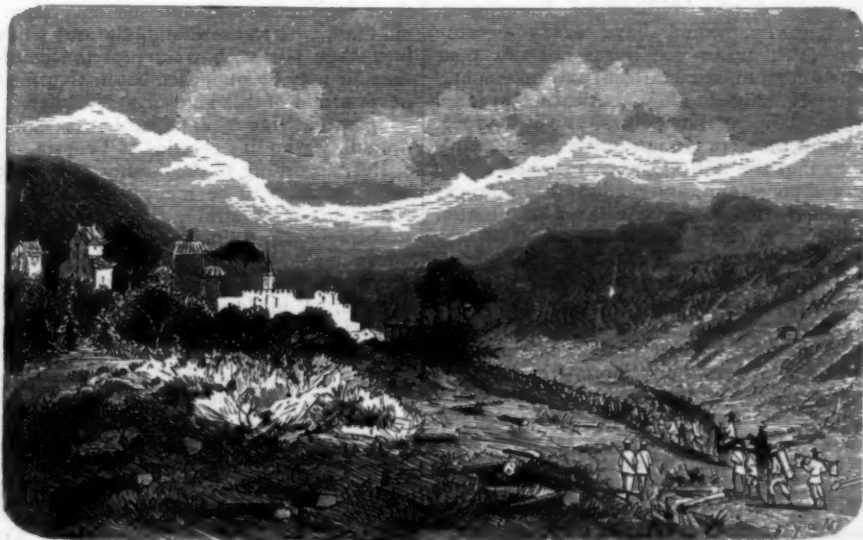
sources of that mighty river were shrouded in as much obscurity as those of the Nile. M. de Carné's enterprise has done much to dispel the prevailing ignorance on these subjects, and the narrative of his cannot fail to be read with extreme interest.

The expedition left Saïgon on the 5th of June, 1866, in a steam gunboat, which conveyed them as far as Craché, when the real difficulties of the river commenced. At this point they transferred themselves to native canoes, which alone are able to make way against the force of the stream. "They are covered along all their length, except at the ends, with a round roof of leaves, kept in their place by a double trellis of bamboo slips. Large bamboos fixed in the sides of the canoes, and immersed in the water give them the stability they would otherwise want. A narrow board forms an outside bench, on which the boatmen get about easily. Each of these, furnished with a long boat-hook, catches it in the branches of trees or the roughnesses of the rocks, while the steersman at the end skilfully guides

will be those which detail his visits to the ancient cities of the valley of Laos, and the sketches of native manners which he makes with the accustomed skill of a French observer. The book is well worth reading, and of a more extended notice than we have been able to give. We have been favoured with two specimens of the engravings.

Alsace. Par EDMOND ABOUT. Paris and London: Hachette et Cie.

When the return visit to Berlin is to be paid, the regenerated soldiers of the re-organised army—who will all know German and Geography, in order to admire French and France the more—must carry M. About's "Alsace" in their knapsacks, as a practical manual of revenge. His solemn dedication proclaims the expediency: "A mon fils,—pour qu'il se souvienne!" They will learn the art of requisitioning from the examples in these pages; they will found this system of Gallicising the Rhenish provinces on M. About's picture of the



ROAD BETWEEN YUNAN AND TONG TCHOUAN DURING THE PLAGUE AND THE CHOLERA.

(From De Carné's "Travels in Indo-China and the Chinese Empire.")

the paddle, which serves as a helm. For eight hours a day our unhappy Cambodgians go round us with a docility of the blind horses used to turn wheels." The progress was slow, and not without occasional difficulties. The cataracts above Craché are an insurmountable obstacle to steam navigation, and this, combined with other reasons, convinced M. de Carné that the field which his countrymen must occupy will be restricted within somewhat narrow bounds.

We can only indicate in very brief terms the scope of the French Commission's exploration. It traced the course of the river Mekong almost to its source on the borders of Thibet; it brought to light some interesting and valuable facts in connection with the peoples dwelling upon the banks of that mighty stream, and contributed in some measure to our knowledge of the resources of Indo-China and the feasibility of a route from it to China. To the ordinary reader the most interesting parts of M. de Carné's book

Prussian plan in Alsatia. Hints for retaliation are to be found in nearly every page of the book, and the moral of the whole composition is: Do in Prussia as the Prussians have done in France—a French novelist's version of the Christian precept. The lesson may not be wise, charitable, or generous, but it is, perhaps, inevitable. Unless the writer be a disciple of Comte, Karl Marx, or Chaumette, a thesis on such a subject, penned at such a moment as this, could scarcely be made to inculcate the sentiments of Jean Jacques, the principles of pure cosmopolitanism. And M. About is anything but an Internationalist; he has not the cool coup d'œil of a bloodless moralist; he is "Lorraine by the hazard of birth, Alsatian by choice and by a residence of twelve years," and professes a profound respect for property, "l'ordre," and the doctrine of nationalities. In 1871, and again in the summer of this year, he undertook a journey to his birth-place and dwelling-place, to look after his kitchen garden—and, incidentally, study

on the spot the Question Alsacienne; for, he adds, there is no question concerning Lorraine:—"Germany has always been prepared to meet on the Meurthe and the Moselle unanimous execration and an indefatigable resistance. Although the Germans took the trouble to print, even in London, a collection of geographical and historical falsehoods, which follow the annexation step by step, and justify it, it is clear that they would never have thought of conquering one rood of Lorraine ground, had they not already taken Alsace, in the firm hope of Germanising it." One can ask of such a politician nothing more than picturesque descriptions, and common sense moral deduction; and that he has given us both will, probably, be sufficient for M. About and the vast majority of his readers.

In his preface, Edmond About points out that the Berlin cabinet committed a gross political blunder in declining the project for the neutralisation of Alsace and Lorraine free states. The line of demarcation, without garrisons or fortresses, would have stretched from Basel to Luxembourg. A new Switzerland would have arisen, at the expense of France, and two millions of Frenchmen, emancipated involuntarily, would have easily become reconciled to their fate: "Les déchirures qui ont pour effet de créer un être autonome se cicatrisent naturellement." Three years ago, M. About allows, Alsace appeared thoroughly German—language, costumes, physical types, habits, food and drink, all were foreign in the Frenchman's eyes,—the more so that the *Welches* were received with a certain coldness and constraint, and made to feel stranger in the land than the Baden folk who crossed the frontier on Sundays and holidays. M. About has made it his task to show how French the province is at heart. He wishes to treat the new aspect of the country from a personal point of view; and though, perhaps, a broader area would yield more reliable information, his egotism is infinitely too amusing to be charged against him as a fault. He consecrates ten pages to the description of his return to Saverne, the little sous-prefecture where he was arrested a few months ago. "Home, sweet home! During twelve or thirteen years my labours, my pleasures, my affections, all my moral life has gravitated around Saverne. All my children were born there, not by chance, but because we wished them to be Alsations. We said to ourselves: Paris is not a fatherland. One has neither compatriots, neighbours, nor play-fellows there. In the provinces, the child of the country is in a measure the brother and the son of all men; everybody is interested in his progress; all gazes and all good wishes follow him through life. If his first steps be difficult, a maternal municipality never refuses a little help. Later on, at the age of ambition, one finds in the little native city a ground already prepared, partisans already made. There they are proud of your success; there one becomes a great man at small expense. Your old school-fellows and former rivals ask but a decent pretext to erect a statue in your honour." But M. About is better as a word-painter than as a moralist. He gives a really graphic description of Alsace scenery in the story of his voyage to Saverne, after the signature of the Frankfurt Treaty mentioning, of course, en passant, the fine old Lützelburg, "which, he adds, "I have bargained for again and again,—sometimes for Gustave Doré, sometimes for Henri Taine. But I shall probably die without having enjoyed the pleasure of buying a château with my savings, in order to offer it to an artist or to an author." The aspect of the country is entirely changed. The stations are deserted. The flat Prussian cap decorates the head of

the railway officials,—state servants now—and Brunswick troops are practising shooting just outside the author's back garden at Saverne. Listening to the sharp ring of the rifles, at his library window, the traveller remembers his dead friends—Gustave Lambert, the explorer, the sculptor Cuvillier, the painter Henri Regnault. "That detonation of the Dreyse gun, prolonged by the mountain echoes, is piercing to a French heart. I seem to see a Pomeranian wood-man crouching in a trench, at the walls of Buzenval, and taking aim at the proud and beautiful head of Regnault,—then breaking it like the doll of a shooting-saloon, with a silly chuckle on his lips. The men who are exercising over there, on the border of my fields, under the eyes of an officer in white gloves, have been through the campaigns in France. They are not our enemies; it is even said that they profess a vague sympathy for us, and murmur against the Prussians: but they served Prussia as very perfect instruments; they aim well, and touch an inner circle at 400 mètres. If you have ever been to the Folies Dramatiques, you have, probably, met their legitimate and deposed sovereign. It is a painted old man, who wears diamonds and silk wig, and reclines in a stage box with women of the demi-monde—in order that he may be supposed better than he is." M. About is never afraid of this kind of personality. He sketches with as great a vigour and frankness nearly every Alsatian notability who has seceded to Prussia.

But, according to the author of "Alsace," there are few such portraits to be made. The spirit of the masses he represents is admirably French. He went from Saverne to Strasbourg, Colmar, and Mulhouse. He found Strasbourg hopelessly estranged from Germany by its sufferings during the long siege, and by the needless barbarity of the conquerors' mode of warfare. The promise of indemnities, municipal freedom, reduced taxation, has not mollified the inhabitants. The Grand Duchess of Baden visited Strasbourg a year ago, and went over the hospitals. Unanimously the wounded—some of whom could scarcely move a limb—turned their faces to the wall as she passed. She offered to have them transported, at her cost, to more salubrious quarters; not one man accepted German hospitality—and the wounded were nearly all native National Guards. Directly a Prussian enters a café, the Strasbourgeois leave it. The military concerts at the Contades are only frequented by the officers of the garrison and the Imperial officials. At Colmar, an analogous attitude is maintained. Patriotism takes puerile forms, as in Poland. Red, white, and blue ribbons are placed, as though by accident; and, albeit only about a third of the population are conversant with the French language, working men organise soirées, at which German is strongly prohibited. The state schools and lycées, where the German tongue is imposed, are nearly deserted. The little college of Saverne possessed 120 pupils before the annexation; the number was reduced to thirty in the summer of this year. At Colmar and Mulhouse, ladies have arranged to give private lessons—in French of course—to children of the working classes. No waving of banners, no chanting of the "Marseillaise," no theatrical protestations are indulged in, but, if M. About's impressions be in any degree warranted, a terrible system of silent and passive resistance is organised from end to end of the conquered provinces. Many of the new Prussian officials have re-crossed the frontier in disgust. M. About gives several authenticated cases of such desertion and despair of Prussianising the people whom the German poets in 1870 addressed as brothers

languishing under a foreign yoke. The fact may be, as Edmond About asserts, that the Alsatian people though they had little in common with the pure Parisian, were French at heart, just because France had wisely suffered them to remain German in manners and morals; and they resent from their conquerors that blood-and-iron rule which forms the growth of German patriotism. Added to this, the officials sent from Berlin to represent the Empire are, in general, the "very scum of the home public services." M. About mentions a prefect who arrived with one small carpet-bag to take possession of his office, and a colonel-commandant who cooks red-herrings in the gilded drawing-room of the prefecture. Such governors are not likely to conciliate wealthy and refined Alsace, and the better class of functionaries will not accept posts in a province where they are slighted and insulted by all respectable classes of society. Added to M. About's narrative, is a detailed account of his arrest, imprisonment, and trial, a few months ago, as it appeared in the columns of the *Dix Neuvième Siècle*.

The Cavalier and his Lady. Selections from the Works of the First Duke and Duchess of Newcastle. Edited, with an Introductory Essay, by EDWARD JENKINS. London: Macmillan.

William Cavendish, the loyal Duke of Newcastle, is one of those noble authors whose literary works have long been consigned to well-merited oblivion. They probably owed much of their short-lived popularity to the fact that they were written by a man of title who loved the world of letters no less than the world of fashion. As a man, the Duke has every claim to be admired: he was brave, chivalrous, and ever ready to devote his life and fortune to his Sovereign's cause; but though a master of horsemanship, he made a poor figure when mounted on Pegasus, and wielded the sword with far more skill than the pen.

It is otherwise with the Cavalier's Lady, Margaret, the youngest daughter of Charles Lucas, and second wife of the Duke of Newcastle. Her writings—voluminous rather than luminous—abound with evidence that she needed only discipline—the discipline of self-restraint and of candid criticism—to fit her for taking a high place among English authors. She possessed wit and fancy, vigour and versatility, and an amount of learning which, to an ill-regulated mind like her own, was often a positive burden. Her autobiography, written in 1656, is charming. What can be more naïve than the following confession of her feelings towards him to whom she proved a most devoted wife?—

"Though I did dread marriage and shunned men's companies as much as I could, yet I could not nor had not the power to refuse him, by reason my affections were fixed on him, and he was the only person I ever was in love with. Neither was I ashamed to own it, but gloried therein. For it was not amorous love. I never was infected therewith it is a disease, or a passion, or both—I only know by relation, not by experience. Neither could title, wealth, power, or person entice me to love; but my love was honest and honourable, being placed upon merit. Which affection joyed at the fame of his worth, was pleased with delight in his wit, was proud of the respect he used to me, and triumphed in the affections he professed to me."

Had the Duchess always preserved this simple style, Mr. Jenkins' task of selection would have been an easy one, but unhappily she was "spoilt by philosophy" at an early age and jumbled metaphysics and poetry together in a way which was fatal to both. The editor of the present very tasteful little volume has extracted out of the confused heap of materials some pieces of sterling value. Here,

for example, is a bit which Ben Jonson might have written:—

"SONG BY LADY HAPPY AS A SEA-GODDESS.

"My cabinets are oyster-shells,
In which I keep my Orient pearls:
And modest coral I do wear
Which blushes when it touches air.

"On silver waves I sit and sing,
And then the fish lie listening:
Then resting on a rocky stone
I comb my hair with fishes' bone:

"The whilst Apollo, with his beams
Doth dry my hair from soaking streams:
His light doth glaze the water's face,
And makes the sea my looking-glass.

"So when I swim on waters high,
I see myself as I glide by:
But when the sun begins to burn,
I back into my waters turn.

"And dive unto the bottom low:
Then on my head the waters flow
In curled waves and circles round,
And thus with eddies I am crowned."

There is in these lines an easy flow of playful fancy, unchecked by the intrusion of philosophical ideas, which shows how well the Duchess might have written under favourable circumstances. But those in which she lived combined to spoil her. She was flattered by her contemporaries, and fondly praised by her husband; from no quarter did she receive the honest criticism which would have encouraged her to destroy three-fourths of what she wrote and to cultivate only one out of the many fields of literature into which she strayed.

Mr. Jenkins appears to have discharged his duty as editor with taste and judgment, though we scarcely think that it came within his province to improve his author's text. No doubt solecisms and ambiguities, clumsy sentences, and rugged verses are profusely scattered through the writings of the "Cavalier and his Lady," but for ourselves, we confess that we should prefer having them in all their originality, as by those means we should be better able to form our own judgment on the author's composition. How far Mr. Jenkins may have improved upon the Duke's expressions in the following stanza, we know not, but to our minds it still remains hopelessly confused:

"He sighs and thus laments his state:
Cursing dame Nature, for 'twas she
That did allot him such a fate
To make him of mankind of be?"

However, this is clearly a mere editorial slip, which we can well pardon in the case of one who has spent much labour in disinterring and rehabilitating these curious relics of the past. The Introductory Essay, from the pen of Mr. Jenkins is extremely interesting, and among the allegories and essays of the Duchess, as well as in her poems, there are treasures of real value which we are grateful to the editor for having brought beneath our notice.

Wonders of Water. From the French of Gaston Tissandier. Illustrated. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

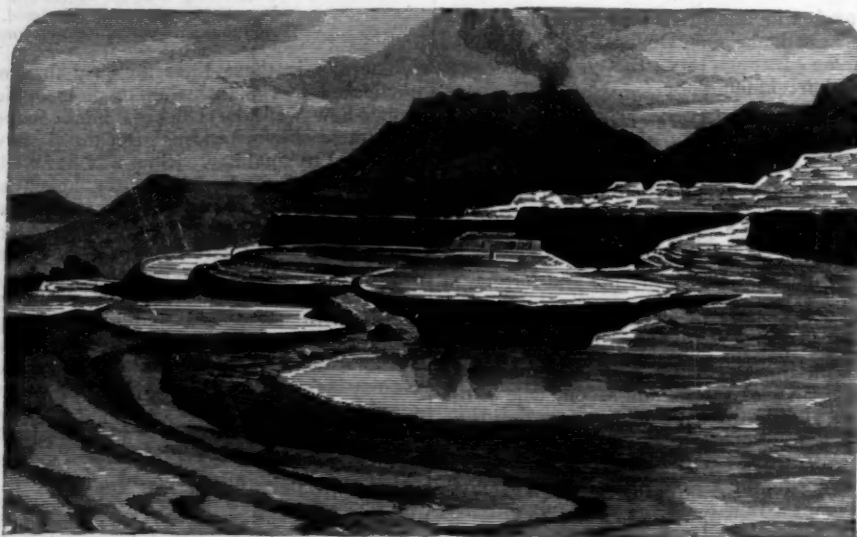
We are being somewhat overdone just now with French scientific works. Since the publication, a few years since, of M. Guillemin's volume on "The Heavens," our popular science writers have taken to translation instead of original authorship, and instead of giving us the results of their

own thought and study reproduce at second-hand the ideas of others. Any account of the "Wonders of Waters" is certainly in season just now when we have had rather more extended opportunities of studying water in its varied forms than we—that is to say, the unscientific multitude quite approve of, and we hoped to find some clue to the long continuance of wet weather.

The book is a fair epitome of the prevalent theories about the different forms of water, but is by no means complete: thus in the account of rain we miss any allusion to Mr. Glaisher's discovery that rain ensues when a lower stratum of cloud is chilled by the passing of a higher cloud which cuts off the heat of the sun. We miss, too, any plain explanation of the formation of soils by the action of water, and the references to glacier formation are deficient in clearness. The English editor, too, should have revised the work a little further before presenting it to an English public, by reducing the thermometric numerals to our ordinary English scale, and by giving us

vigour and force, his poetry shows traces in almost every line of scholarly skill and genuine culture, and he has evidently thoroughly thought out and matured the curious psychical study he has given us. Occasionally we meet with weak or halting lines, though very few in proportion to the total number, but, as a rule, the lines are polished with studious care. Mr. Armstrong's weakness lies partly in a defective appreciation of rapidity of dramatic action, and partly, we fancy, in a lacking sense of rhythm and "swing." We notice, too, that the lyrical portions of his tragedy are occasionally wanting in lightness and melody, and their lines move in somewhat cumbersome fashion. But the blank verse shows throughout the touch of the master, reminding us, not of the delicate blank verse of Tennyson, but rather of the impetuous flow of the blank verse of Browning, and sounds in many parts like an echo of some old Greek tragic bard.

We are so accustomed from early training and associations to look upon the famous heroes of the old Hebrew



TE-TA-RATA, NEW ZEALAND.
(From "Wonders of Water.")

some account of our London drainage as a substitute for the notice of the Paris sewers. As far, however, as M. Tissandier is concerned, he has done his work fairly, though not evincing any very great depth of scientific knowledge, and being inclined to make too great a parade of classical and antiquarian learning. As an introduction to the subject, this may form a useful and popular little manual for a schoolboy, and may arouse in him some wish to study the subject more thoroughly. The book is nicely printed, and the specimens we give will speak for the style of the illustrations.

The Tragedy of Israel. By G. F. ARMSTRONG.
Part I. King Saul. Longmans and Co.

Mr. Armstrong, who is already favourably known as a poet, has in his present volume made a most decided advance, and bids fair to take a very high place indeed among the ranks of the poets. His style is marked by

History as personages acting under the influences of direct spiritual guidance, and hence as actuated or governed by rules of conduct and life very different from human beings in general and not amenable to the judgments of ordinary men, that an attempt by a poet to delineate the character of a Biblical chief by the light of mere psychical analysis, will doubtless jar with the preconceived notions and prejudices of many readers. And most people are content to set down the insanity and melancholy death of Saul as a divine judgment, without ever giving a moment's thought to the peculiarities of the narrative. Mr. Armstrong's view is that Saul, called to the high post of king and commander-in-chief of the scanty bands of the Israelites, actuated at first by a strong feeling of religious enthusiasm, wearied gradually of the continual slaughter, the constant scenes of bloodshed that he witnessed. And it may well have been the case, that the fierce Israelitish chief shrank from the repeated cold-blooded slaying of

helpless prisoners, and that doubts may have gradually crept into his mind as to the character and nature of the God of Battles whom he served. And as his brain became clouded, and the keen judgment failed, and the strong arm relaxed its strength under the blighting influence of disease, Saul might well despair. The man of the hour, brought to the front for a special purpose, a king and leader so long as he could lead his subjects to victory, conscious of his waning strength and failing mind, seeing David rapidly rising in popular favour, he met his fate on the familiar slopes of his native Gilboa, his last moments embittered by the consciousness of defeat and the feeling that his death removed the last obstacle to the success of the man he most feared and shrank from on earth.

This we take to be somewhat Mr. Armstrong's conception of Saul, whose character is effectively contrasted with the simple faith of David and the fierce religious enthusiasm of Samuel.

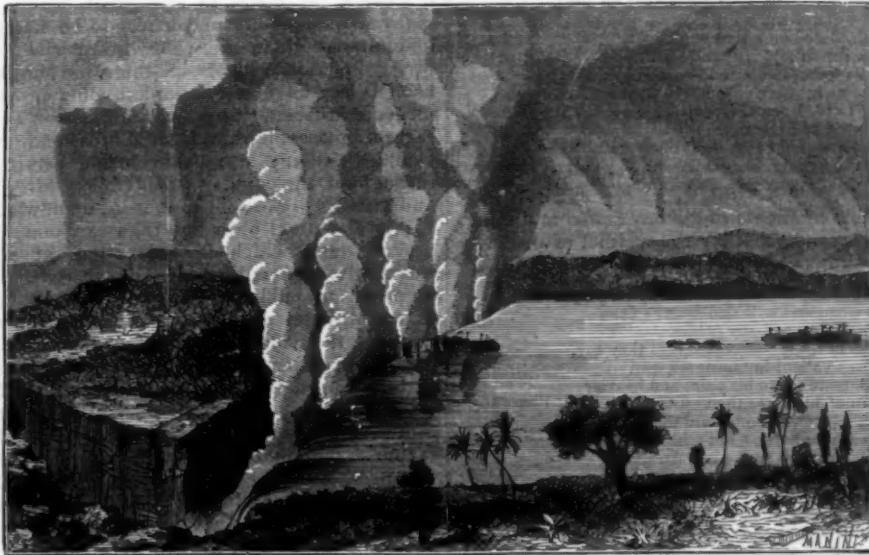
The "Tragedy of Israel" opens just after the close of

resignation with which they will seek the rest of the grave and of a trust in the mercy of God—

"He will hear no pleading, whose keen sword smiteth.
He is just, He is good, we who judge are but wind:
With death pain dieth, new life the soul lighteth,
All ill is but ill to the soul here blind!"

rouses Saul, who rushes out to stay the hand of Samuel. But Saul arrives too late, and returns with the first outbreak of madness upon him. A short soliloquy of David tending his flocks on the heights of Bethlehem is full of true pastoral repose and contrasted effectively with the ravings of the frenzied king.

The action of the drama grows more rapid, the constant ravings of Saul, his alternate suspicions of and affection for David continue and develop, till the death of Samuel breaks him finally down, and the play closes with the death of the defeated and deserted king on the slopes



FALLS OF THE ZAMBEZI.
(From "Wonders of Water.")

the campaign against the Amalekites and the defeat and capture of Agag. The prisoner brought before Saul pleads for his life with true Oriental humility, and Saul half contemptuously, half weary of bloodshed grants it him—

"Arise
I hunger not for any flesh of men.
I would have love on earth; I cry for rest
From violent strifes. Thou poor and ignorant king,
I have not fought against thee for the glut
Of hate or wrath, or of mine own intent.
I love not blood-shedding or any pain."

But the entrance of Samuel seals the fate of Agag, and the captive is led out to meet his doom at the hands of the prophet.

A short chorus of prisoners, whose rhythm is modelled after the fashion of Mr. Swinburne, expressive of the

of Mount Gilboa and the lamentation of David over the slain—

"O Saul, Saul, Saul
Beloved, would that on thy weary breast
I had laid down my face and died with thee!
Sweet as a father's kiss was thine my king;
Tender thy hands around my bended neck,
Stooped low in awe of thee. O wintry head
Whitened with sorrow! O great eyes of blue,
That under stern and awful brows were soft
And tremulous as women's in their love!
O shoulders stubborn as the cliffs, and arms
Thick-corded as the pine-tree roots! O might
And beauty above all beauty and might of men,
Would I had died when ye died! would my flesh
The birds had torn when you the flocks devoured!"

and finally the acceptance by David of the crown of his dead patron and chief.

The speeches of Saul are, we think, by far the most

powerful in the poem. The conception of his character, such as we have indicated above, is well worked out and sustained: the gradual collapse of the intellect, the "serpent brood of doubts" that rise upon the mind, and the gradual passage from hope to despair are well shown. The speeches of David abound in passages of pastoral beauty and tenderness, and Samuel quite realises our conception of the man. We quote the final lines from the closing scene of Samuel's life when watched by Gad and Nathan he is rapt with prophetic fervour, and foretells the spreading of the faith of the God of Israel, while finally the heavens open to receive him—

"Lift me upon my feet. I hear a voice
Cry, Samuel, Samuel, near and far,
And light doth flood the heaven from end to end!
Dawn, dawn! Throw wide the darkening doors, and lead
To where I may behold the kindling East.
Lo, the clouds burn, a rippled crimson sea
Breaking in golden foam; the curv'd moon
Grows wan, and the stars sicken. Lo afar
Shoots up a beam all rosy through the realm
Of golden light, aerial green and blue!
The sun heaves . . . nay, I see there suns on suns,
A girdle, and a glory, and a fire;
And One, high-seated on a throne of light,
Faced like the sun at midday; and His hands
Shine, and His feet; and round about Him throng
Myriads of forms in robes of sunlight flaming . . .
My Lord, my Lord, I come, I come, to Thee . . .
He lifts His hand and waves me to His throne,
Ay, and the spirits stand with arms outspread
For welcome, and glad faces flamed with love . . .
Let loose my hands; my feet are firm to go."

In one of his terrible moments of gloomy self-communing, the distracted king wonders what the verdict of posterity will be upon him—

"How will they write, how speak of my vexed years:
Hereafter, when this wrinkled finger's flesh
Lies as a little dust in bony palms,
And earth is in these sockets? Will they say,
His heart was valiant in unwonted war,
And though more fierce his pain, and heavier
The burthen of his curse than oft men bore,
He sent his sword not home into the sheath,
Nor swerved from battle; but with steadfast face
Fronting his torment, to the last dark hour
Endured? And shall my name upon the lips
Be spoken reverently, and the voice
Fall in sad music uttering it, with wail
Of pity in the throat, and all men meet
A stumbling-block and marvel in my life?"

Whatever the verdict of posterity may be on the fallen king: he has yet not failed in finding that *vates sacer* without whom, as the Roman lyricist has told us, brave men unwept and unknown are covered with the darkness of oblivion. We shall look forward with interest to Mr. Armstrong's future career, and especially to the forthcoming continuation of the "Tragedy of Israel." If he is deficient in rapidity and lyrical fervour (we judge him merely from the present volume), he is yet possessed of strength and power of diction, of an originality of conception and of a sustained force which should one day make his name famous.

More about Stifford and its Neighbourhood, Past and Present. By the Rev. W. PALIN, M.A., Oxf. and Cam., Rector of Stifford.

It has often struck us as most singular that our railways are not made use of to a much greater extent than they are at present by those to whom life is not wholly "beer and skittles," even on high days and holidays. Without

taking an optimistic view of the age in which we live, we may safely aver that London alone could show thousands of intelligent readers and students, interested in archæology, architecture, and kindred pursuits, and yet, marvellous to say, from a long acquaintance with the district so fully and so ably described in this work, we may also safely aver that hardly one out of a thousand avails himself of the opportunity of taking a short railway journey at an almost nominal cost, which, together with a pleasant country walk when he stepped out of the train, would enable him to enjoy one of the greatest conceivable contrasts to the overcrowded thoroughfares of our huge metropolis. Let us hope that such a book as this may excite in its readers a desire to become acquainted with the locality depicted in its pages, and a wholesome and easily attainable pleasure will thereby be suggested to many, and thus the work cannot but do great good.

There is probably no tract of country on any side of London that is so little affected by its nearness to London as Stifford and its neighbourhood, and though, as a whole, it cannot lay claim to any great beauty, yet there are many exquisite bits of scenery to be found within it, and its churches alone are well worth a visit. In a notice of Mr. Palin's former work on the same subject, to which the book before us is a companion volume, we expressed our pleasure at seeing so much information collected together regarding a somewhat limited area, and we added that it would be doing a most valuable service if clergymen throughout the country would follow Mr. Palin's example, and give us the benefit of that local knowledge which "the parson" better probably than anyone else is able to procure, and which his education, at all events very frequently, renders him so well fitted to digest, and having digested, to publish. In this supplementary volume but four additional parishes come under the writer's notice, and yet the volume is about equal in bulk to the former one. These four parishes are North and South Ockendon, Rainham, and West Thurrock. Of these Rainham will be a familiar name to visitors to Southend from its being one of the stations on the line from Fenchurch-street to that favourite but somewhat muddy watering-place. Churchill, the poet, was once curate here. West Thurrock must have been seen, and most probably have excited no little astonishment amongst passengers on the same line, standing alone as it does in those dreary Essex marshes. It was formerly a Pilgrim Church, Mr. Palin informs us, having been built soon after the murder of Thomas à Becket, for the spiritual and bodily comfort of pilgrims to his shrine. South Ockendon lies some miles away from any railway, and is known to ecclesiologists, from the fact of its church having one of the not very common round towers. Last, not least, we come to North Ockendon. We say not least, because North Ockendon church is by far the most striking and beautiful church to be seen for miles round, and has often been the subject of paintings, in different years, at the Academy. Since the publication of the former part of his work, Mr. Palin has had a very serious illness, which has delayed the appearance of this latter instalment, and we are, therefore, prevented by common courtesy from saying much about any slight defects that might be found in an admirable topographical history. We cannot, however, avoid expressing our regret at not seeing a plate of the interior of this little gem of a village church, and only a tiny representation of its exterior, and also at finding, quite unaccountably as it seems to us, a name of great historical interest passed

over without the slightest allusion to the interest attaching to it. Plates of the fine Norman interior of Rainham church, of the exteriors of West Thurrock and South Ockendon, and a wood-cut of Mr. Palin's own little church, which we are able, by his kindness, to reproduce here, add much to the value of the book. Besides a mass of curious information both respecting the four parishes above-named, and also touching those of which the writer has treated previously, the present volume is enriched by a valuable paper on the geological history of the district, from the pen of the Rev. H. Palin Gurney; an essay on the ancestry of Bishop Andrewes, showing that prelate's connection with Horndon-on-the-Hill, contributed by Mr. King, the Secretary of the Essex Archæological Society; and a history of the Lennard family, compiled by Mr. Palin from two MS. volumes written by the last Lennard, Lord Dacre.

GERMANY.

THE passing notice which I lately sent you of Dr. Lechler's work on John Wiclif did scant justice to so important a publication, and though an English version is sure to be before the English public ere long, I think it but due to the learned author to say a few more words on what he himself declares to be "the work of a life-time." The full title of the book is, "Johann von Wiclif und die Vorgeschichteder Reformation von Gotthard Lechler (2 vols., Leipzig, F. Fleischer; London, Williams and Norgate)." The work is divided into three books or sections, the first treating of the time previous to Wiclif, the second of his life and activity, and the third of the after effects produced by Wiclif. As may be expected from a German scholar, Dr. Lechler has not set, about his task without first critically examining all that his English and other predecessors have brought to light on the subject, and he fully acknowledges their labours, especially those of the chief English biographer of Wiclif, Robert Vaughan. After setting forth the merits of his work, he points out what he considers its deficiencies, and these seem to him to be, first, Vaughan's having shown less appreciation of the speculative and strictly theological elements in Wiclif than of the practical and religious ones, and his quite unjustly slighting, nay almost leaving wholly unnoticed, his Latin works. Lechler apologises that he, as a German, should have ventured, after the meritorious labours of Englishmen, to undertake writing the history of Wiclif and his time, seeing that not even the kindred Scots and Americans have hitherto produced anything worth mentioning on the subject, and he modestly speaks of himself as a "Saul among the prophets." Nevertheless he not only hopes to be pardoned, but even thinks he may after all, in the wider international domain of science, claim a certain right to the execution of his task. "For," says he, "it is a mere prejudice to start from the assumption that new sources for the history of Wiclif could, as a matter of course, be opened up only in Great Britain and Ireland. On the continent, too, and especially in Germany, the sources flow abundantly, and at these far too little has hitherto been drawn. To approach them and to offer out of their plenteousness something that may tend to supplement, enrich, and, perhaps too, correct our current knowledge of Wiclif's life and times, the author thought himself not only entitled to, but, in a certain measure felt it even incumbent on him. The English reader will, no doubt, soon have an opportunity of judging

of the work for himself, meanwhile I believe I may safely predict that Lechler's is likely to be the standard work on the subject for a long to come, if, indeed, it will ever be superseded by another. In the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung* Theobald Ziegler has raised his voice in favour of Strauss' new work, and against Professor J. Huber's critique of the same, which has just been reprinted and published in the shape of a pamphlet by Beck, of Nordlingen. Strauss himself, too, has at length condescended to answer his reviewers in a pamphlet entitled, "Epilogue by way of Preface to the New Editions of my 'The Old and the New Creed,'" and published by E. Strauss, Bonn. I have now at last read the book myself, and can only say it is inconceivable to me how the German press can have made so much fuss about it. It is, no doubt, well and in some parts, most eloquently written; but it is most superficial, contains nothing that is new, and is altogether uncalled for. Who, indeed, required of the author an account of the stewardship of his intellectual gifts, or a profession of his faith? The former he has rendered in his works; the latter is a matter with which the public has no concern. He does not wish to disturb any one in his faith, nor does he aim at making converts or, at least, setting up a new church or forming a new sect. What good, then, I ask is the book to do? Those who think with him, and that there are plenty, and not only among the Germans, I will not deny, did not require to be confirmed by him in their non-belief; but whether even they will accept the substitute he offers for faith in God and Immortality I doubt very much. We are to seek edification in the works of Goethe and Schiller, as our leading poets, yet he deems it necessary or proper, while eulogising their merits, to point out their deficiencies, too! An object of veneration, however, ceases to be such as soon as we become aware of its imperfections. How far superior to Strauss' gods is the religious conception of the God of Judaism and Christianity. And with all our veneration for Goethe and Schiller I must be allowed to say that a single verse from the Psalms, for instance, has more of soothing efficacy in it for a banished spirit, more of consolation under affliction, is a greater "sursum corda" to the mind bowed down by grief and disappointment than all the works of our classics together, their high and fully admitted excellences notwithstanding. Of Dr. Thomas Puschman's Richard Wagner, a Psychiatric study a third edition has just been issued by B. Behr, Berlin. How must poor Wagner writhe under the lash the author has applied to him, or rather under the sharp incisive knife with which he dissects his character, the later productions of his pen and his compositions. It is certainly a ruthless mode of dealing with a man, but the author of "Judaism in Music" has to thank himself for the chastisement here inflicted on him. No one but a monomaniac could have written such a book; and a man who disparaged Mendelssohn, and most ungratefully ran down his benefactor, Meyerbeer, besides reviling the whole body of Jews, and, like another Haman, from sheer jealousy of Mordecai, wishing to exterminate all the Jewish race, deserved no better treatment than what Puschman, who, besides being a clever man in his speciality as a psychiatrist *vulgo* "mad doctor," knows how to wield the pen, has bestowed on him.

The well known biographer of Fr. Rückert, Dr. E. Beyer, has just added another to the several works he has already devoted to that great poet, being "New Communications about Friedrich Rückert and Critical Walks and Studies," two vols. (Leipsic, P. Froberg). The work contains

many new facts regarding the poet's life at Jena and Neussess, hitherto unpublished letters by the same to several persons of note, the chronology of his works, notes on, and a reprint of his scattered poems, a list of his newly formed compounds with which he enriched our lexicography, and an able and appreciative essay on his character as a poet. The late Sir J. Bowring, at a very remote distance, is the only English poet who occurs to me at the moment as bearing some resemblance to Rückert in the cosmopolitan character of his poetry. Rückert it was who, following Herder's and Goethe's lead, enriched our literature with the treasures of Oriental poetry, both Hindostanee and Arabic, and was, as Beyer justly says, the founder of lyric-didactic poetry. His command of the German language was something marvellous, and in that respect he is decidedly unequalled by any other German poet.

qualities rendering the recitation a truly artistic performance such as is scarcely to be witnessed on the stage, where you can never meet with such a perfect cast as Türschman may be said to combine in his own person. I heard him recite Macbeth, and it struck me as if he had at once settled the difficulties which the text presents, and which have puzzled all the commentators from Steevens and Malone down to Staunton. Thus, when he (in German, of course) spoke the line "making the green *one* red," or "what beast, then, was it," there seemed to be no difficulty at all in understanding the author, and the traditional text appeared to be fully confirmed, so natural was the effect produced—aye, so perfectly in harmony was the reading of the passage with the context. Goethe's *Faust*, by the way, he it remarked, he had to recite eight times in succession, at Berlin. Should he visit London, he would



STIFFORD CHURCH,
(From Palin's "More about Stifford and its Neighbourhood.")

I conclude to-day with a brief notice of another marvellous feat. Richard Türschmann, a former actor, who, though still in the very prime of life, had the misfortune to lose his sight, is now enchanting German audiences with his truly admirable recitations of Sophoclean, Shakespearian, and Goethe's dramas. His prodigious memory alone would be sufficient to raise our astonishment; but one almost forgets to marvel at it, so entirely is one carried away by the wonderful recitation itself. His voice is both powerful and sonorous, and admits of a variety of modulations. These, however, are gifts of nature, perfected, of course, by study and practice. But most admirable of all are his intellectual conceptions of his task, his penetration into the spirit of the whole play and of every character in it, his perfect elocution and delivery, and last, though not least, the mimic art which accompanies it, all these

soon become the lion of the day to all who understood German.

FRANCE.

WHATEVER may be said to the contrary by republican cynics, there was a pang of grief that ran like an electric shock through the hearts of the Parisians when the news of the Emperor's death at Chiselhurst was first received. Since then the feeling evidenced is that of profound depression. For the credit of human nature it is so. For, lamentable though the close of the third Napoleon's reign unhappily was, it had been preceded, that ghastly climax of horrors, by upwards of twenty years of splendour and prosperity. The rise at the Bourse of a few paltry centimes

on the receipt of tidings that three years ago would have sent down all the markets of Europe was an incident no doubt as revolting and as despicable in itself as the chipping away of the N's and Eagles on the façade of the public buildings in Paris, on the morrow of the 4th September. Justice cannot yet be looked for to the memory of Napoleon III. The time will infallibly come, nevertheless, when due honour will be paid to the genius, and the career, and the long successful policy, of one of the greatest sovereigns France has ever possessed. That for years together he filled with so much dignity the grand rôle of a new Emperor Napoleon is of itself sufficient attestation of the fact that the capacities of the man were wonderful. Swathed in such a robe, raised on such an elevation, an ordinary person would have appeared simply ludicrous. Not so was it with the Prince Louis Napoleon when he had come to be at last, what he always counted upon being, namely, the reviver of the Empire. Invested with the imperial dignity, he was anything but overwhelmed by the weight of its responsibility. He maintained his position with a grandeur worthy of a Napoleon. If unfortunately at the last he brought France to the brink of the abyss into which she was precipitated by the revolutionary outbreak that followed like thunder upon the lightning stroke of his appalling defeat at Sedan, he had previously restored France to the position formerly occupied by her as the first nation on the continent, had maintained her thus for a round score of years at the summit of her *prestige*, and had multiplied, nay had all but quadrupled, under his *régime* her material resources, her commerce, her finances, her railway system, her agriculture. Much of all this is secretly felt at heart by all but the more malignant anti-Bonapartists. It is simply a question of time as to when the truth in this matter shall find fitting utterance among thoughtful Frenchmen.

The happiness of the past, the hopes of the future are still in a great measure lost sight of in the glare of present or only very recent disasters. Hence, it seems not very surprising—though one can't help regarding it, the while, as undoubtedly very lamentable—that Victor Hugo's last politico-poetic rhodomontade entitled "L'Année Terrible" should actually, in eight months, have run through nineteen editions. This beats even the success of Forster's *Life of Dickens*, and recalls to mind the run there was at one time on "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and at another time on Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*. The twentieth edition of the "Terrible Year" is just out in a more luxurious form than its predecessors, illustrated by the pencil of Léopold Flameng with a series of sensational embellishments.

Gustave Doré's "London," by the way, is regarded with such admiration by the artist's fellow-citizens of the once fair Lutetia, that the suggestion is eagerly thrown out to him that he should do, what he certainly could do much better, produce a companion work on "Paris."

Admirers of Palissy and Wedgwood, of Dresden, and of China, will turn with interest to the newly-published "Histoire de la Céramique" of M. Jacquemart.

Another sumptuous work well entitled to examination just now, is M. Poiré's "France Industrielle."

Illustrated editions have recently appeared at Messrs. Lévy Freres of two charming works of Emile Souvestre's, one of them being "Le Journal d'un Homme Heureux," the other the "Confessions d'un Ouvrier." The artist engaged upon the latter is G. Fath, upon the former Adrien Marie.

The translator into French verse of "Moore's Irish

Melodies," by name Henri Jousselin, has just brought out a little volume of chansons à propos to the last horrible war entitled "Les enfans pendant la guerre." They are written melodiously and unaffectedly, but for the most part are, of course, very sorrowful.

Among the works recently submitted to the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, especial reference should be made to Hermile Reynald's "Mirabeau et la Constituante." It was referred to at one of the last sittings by M. Mignet in terms of the highest commendation.

Adrien Berger's two volumes lately published by Hachette recount the "History of Latin Eloquence," from the foundation of Rome to the death of Cicero. The work is a valuable contribution to the annals of oratory, and forms a very notable tribute to the all but incomparable powers of Tully, the greatest master of all the arts of the rhetorician, saving and excepting always the peerless Demosthenes.

The reactionary epistles recently addressed to the *Paris Journal* by a Provincial have at length been collected together and republished in a volume, "Bleus, Blancs, Rouges," a name that might more tersely have been expressed as Tricolor.

A wonderfully curious paper by Marcel Devic was read at the last sitting of the Académie des Sciences in which evidence was adduced corroborating the accounts given in the "Arabian Nights" of the Roc that carried Sinbad the Sailor to the Valley of Diamonds. According to M. Devic's account of the result of his researches in regard to the existence formerly of gigantic birds in Southern and Eastern Africa and Madagascar, fossil bones of creatures of that description have been dug up in abundance, indubitably authentic accounts being also given by the Arabians of carnivorous birds of giant dimensions capable of soaring away with oxen and even of destroying and devouring elephants.

Although Christmas has passed by, and in its wake also the Jour de l'An, the Paris theatres are still in full swing with their winter novelties in the way of revues and revivals.

In regard to the reproduction upon the stage of the "Mariage de Figaro" of Beaumarchais, it is remarkable that the Odéon, where it is now being acted nightly to delighted audiences, is the very house which was building for the company of the Comédie Française by the leading members of which that sprightly, sparkling satirical piece of fun and frolic was first of all in the February of 1775 performed. The vivacity of this famous production seems to be fairly perennial.

It is amusing to relate that the bungling production of "Cocotte" the other night had somehow by its very hitches and failures all the *éclat* of a brilliant success. For example, when, upon the first night, one of the actors, cracking an egg, exclaimed "I will that this hut should change into a palace" and it didn't!—the scene that ought to have been one of startling transformation sticking obdurately—there were explosions of good humoured laughter.

Only the other day it seems Englishmen were celebrating, or at any rate were trying to celebrate the tercentenary of Shakespeare. On the 15th there came round for French the bicentenary of the birth of Molière. Happily here again "they manage these things better in France, said I". There was no committee formed of all the men of letters to talk about raising a memorial monument and then—to do nothing! Anniversaries of this kind are surely best kept in silence. The immortals need no sensational advertising.

THE THEATRES.

HAYMARKET.

Tales of fairies and fairy enchantment have been chiefly chosen by modern writers for the stage as a convenient means of giving some kind of cogency to a succession of gorgeous scenes and fantastic ballets, but to Mr. Gilbert belongs the idea of investing these airy denizens of the space 'twixt earth and heaven with the virtues and failings of men and women, and making them principal instead of accessory actors in a comedy of human interest and passion. The graceful fancy and poetical diction which characterise all his recent plays were never more charmingly shown than in the new comedy "The Wicked World" recently produced at the Haymarket Theatre. In his three former productions, "Creatures of Impulse," "The Palace of Truth," and "Pygmalion and Galatea," he has depicted in a vein of satirical humour the conduct of mortals placed for a time under supernatural influence. In choosing a plot for his latest work he leaves the world and boldly wafts us into cloudland, into the very court of Titania herself. There in a delightful home, on the silver lining of a cloud, dwell Selenè and her fairy sisters, to whom sin and death are but names, and sorrow unknown, or only reaching them in the form of gentle compassion for the erring beings in the "wicked world" below. Their king and some of their brother fairies have descended on an errand of mercy to mortals, and Selenè reminds them that—

On that world—that very wicked world,
Thou—I—and all who dwell in Fairy Land
May find a parallel identity:
A perfect counterpart in outward form,
So perfect that, if it were possible
To place us by these earthly counterparts,
No man on earth, no fairy in the clouds,
Could tell which was the fairy—which the man.

She also tells them that the only mitigation of the terrible incubus of sin and sorrow afflicting mankind is the blessing of mortal love. Love, not as they understand the word, but a love quite apart from their own brotherly and sisterly affection; a love so potent in its agency that man, who else would have fainted under his load of wretchedness, is enabled to bear his woes without repining. Another recalls a law which empowers them to call up to Paradise the mortal counterparts of any absent fairy. The failing of Eve is as prominent in these ethereal beings as in woman-kind, and prompted by a half timorous curiosity, which they strive to hide from themselves under the plea of showing the wretched men the delights of a life of innocence and virtue, so that on their return to earth they may reform their fellow creatures, they summon the mortal representatives of their brother fairies Ethais and Phyllon. These appear as Gothic knights, Sir Ethais and Sir Phyllon; rough in speech and gesture, and boorish in mind, and little fit for the calm delights of Paradise. To the innocent, simple fairies, however, they seem as gods; each tries to gain the love of the rough visitors, and each quickly becomes jealous of her sisters. The pangs of despised love, hypocrisy, hatred, and other earthly sins and sorrows follow in the steps of the unhallowed mortals, and the once happy fairy home is changed to a very pandemonium. But the mortals quickly tire of the unsought endearments and ceaseless jealousies of their entertainers, and return to earth. The spell is removed, the fairies become as they were, and when Ethais and Phyllon reappear to announce

that the king has gained for them the priceless blessing of mortal love, they one and all reject the proffered boon.

Mr. Gilbert treats his subject with an entire absence of conventionality. His language is simple, but in many cases highly dramatic, and clothed throughout in that graceful verse Mr. Gilbert knows so well how to construct. The part of Selenè, the Fairy Queen, affords Miss Robertson a very congenial rôle. She exhibits all the grace and tenderness so conspicuous in her late impersonations, and in two scenes—one in which she declares her love for Ethais, and in the other upbraids him for his treachery—her acting was exceedingly powerful. These two scenes are not only the most striking in the comedy, but are, we think, far superior in force and beauty to any passages occurring in the plays of recent years. She was capitally supported by Misses Amy Roselle and M. Litton. Mr. Kendal and Mr. Arnott, as the two knights, had difficult parts to enact. The introduction of such coarse specimens of humanity into the ærial abode of the fairies rather jars on one's notions of the fitness of things, and when Ethias bursts out with a fine description of the woes of a deserted lover, ending—

"Oh! there are words
For other agonies, but none for this!"

(admirably rendered as it was by Mr. Kendal) we are tempted to enquire with Bobadil, not only "how came he by these words, trow?" but also how came such a mere fighting animal to be endowed with the feelings of which the words are an expression. The low comedy parts of Lutin, a serving fairy, and his mortal type, Sir Ethias' henchman, were also somewhat inconsistent with the idyllic idea of the piece, but the incongruity was readily pardoned, as they afforded Mr. Buckstone ample opportunities for the display of his well-known humour.

MUSICAL NOTES.

LENT term at the Royal Academy of Music will open on Monday next.

The second series of Winter Concerts at the Crystal Palace will commence on Saturday, when Signor Piatti will play for the first time his new concerto for violoncello and orchestra, and a selection will be given from Auber's *Airs de Ballet from Gustave the Third*.

The performance of Mr. W. H. Cummings' cantata the *Fairy Ring* by the Brixton Choral Society, on Monday evening, resulted in a lamentable exhibition of incompetency on the part of the orchestra. In nearly every instance the band was out of tune, while the efforts of the drummer in the comparatively small room, though praiseworthy, were ludicrous. The organist, as the representative of the "brass," did his best, and the choir sang fairly though with little taste, but as a whole the performance proved a painful ordeal to those who had ears to hear, and the composer who sang the tenor music, evidently suffered considerable agony during the evening.

The Théâtre Lyrique will, it is hoped, be rebuilt in time to open its doors in November next. For the present the Athénée has usurped the title of the older house.

Israel in Egypt is the next work announced by the Sacred Harmonic Society. Meanwhile the promises of the prospectus in regard to the performance of new or little known works remain unfulfilled.

Mr. G. A. Macfarren's MS. overture "St. John the

Baptist" will be played for the first time at the British Orchestral Society's concert next Thursday.

Mdme. Arabella Goddard announces a "farewell benefit and last appearance in England," in the shape of a classical concert on the Monday Popular model.

Italian and English operas have been given with considerable success at Sydney during the winter by a double company, the members of which have now separated after a festival at the Exhibition Palace, the English artistes remaining in New South Wales and the Italians passing on to New Zealand.

M. Deldevez, the *chef d'orchestre* of the concerts of the Paris Conservatoire has been elected an "officier d'Academie," a distinction which unhappily has no equivalent in this country, where meritorious musicians, unless they are sufficiently popular to gain the questionable honour of knightly spurs, too often pass away without the slightest public or official recognition.

Three new operas were produced in Paris last week: at the *Opéra La Coupe du Roi de Thule*; at the *Odéon Les Erinnyes*; and at the *Bouffes Parisiens La Petite Reine*.

Mr. John Thomas, the well known harpist, has arranged Mendelssohn's *Lieder Ohne Worte* for his favourite instrument, and will shortly publish them by subscription.

Ronconi, the favourite buffo singer, well known to the subscribers of our London Italian Opera in former seasons, is now singing at New York with Mdme. Lucca, Miss Kellogg, and other "first ladies" of note.

M. Delaborde, who played last season, at the Philharmonic Concerts and the Musical Union, upon the pedal pianoforte, has been appointed professor of the piano at the Paris Conservatoire.

A new organ of considerable merit has just been completed by M. Auguste Gern for Trinidad, and will be opened at his hall at Notting-hill by a series of recitals, in which some eminent London organists will take part.

The announcement that Dr. Wesley, the organist of Gloucester Cathedral is to have a pension on the Civil List, where musicians too seldom find a place, will be generally welcomed, for although his long expected work, the "European Psalmist," has proved to be extremely dull and uninteresting, he has done good service to art, and which deserves the reward he has received.

The new and grand organ by the eminent French builders, Cavallée-Coll, for the Music Hall at Sheffield, is likely to prove one of the finest instruments in this country, although it is difficult to see why our English firms should have been passed over in such a distinctly English town.

Mr. Francis Howell's oratorio the *Land of Promise* has just been performed with full orchestral accompaniment in a Presbyterian chapel at Blackburn.

The interest created in the work of the Church Choral Union in the diocese of Llandaff has become so great, and the number of choirs anxious to take part in the festivals so large, that it was resolved at the annual meeting, held last week, to form three divisions of the association, two for the English and one for the Welsh choirs, each holding its festival in turn within the cathedral.

Dr. Oakeley has returned to Edinburgh, in order to recommence his duties as Reid Professor at the University by giving one of the organ recitals which have been so greatly missed by all music lovers in the Modern Athens during his absence. The Professor has, we are glad to hear, borne the journey remarkably well, although he is

acting in opposition to the advice of his physician in returning to work.

The sudden closing of the Théâtre Italien, at Paris, has caused considerable dissatisfaction, but the wisdom of the step can scarcely be questioned, as M. Verger, the director, was unable to obtain any satisfactory understanding with the Commission as to the payment of the subvention voted by the Assembly.

The programme of the Beethoven night of the Monday Popular Concerts, on the 18th ult., presented no special novelty, either in the pieces performed or musicians who performed them. Mdme. Goddard played the well-known "Thirty-two variations," and Herr Straus distinguished himself by the brilliant manner in which he led the quartet in E minor, Op. 59. His playing in the dainty finale was almost perfection. At the next concert we are promised a novelty in the shape of Haydn's Quartet in B flat, Op. 33, No. 4, and Herr Dannreuther, a rising and vigorous pianiste, is to play the Sonata Appassionata.

An interesting programme was given at Mr. Ridley Prentice's "Monthly Popular Concert," at Brixton, on Tuesday, the scheme including Mozart's string quartet in D major, No. 7, and Mendelssohn's trio in D minor. The director played Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata with excellent effect.

The controversy between M. Gounod and his critics is becoming somewhat heated, and the French composer's letters betray an ignorance of the idioms of the English language which is almost as ludicrous as his pertinacious attempt to prove that he has been ill-used both by publishers and writers for the press. Having already gained the day in his legal proceedings against several well-known firms, he now proceeds to accuse them of sending persons to divers concerts for the avowed object of hissing Mrs. Weldon, the lady who sings his songs and assists him in the conduct of his newly-formed choir. Whether this latter charge can be substantiated is, we think, a matter of doubt, but, at any rate, as M. Gounod shows that he has little regard for the feelings of his adversaries, it would be as well if he were to give their names, and thus enable the public to form an opinion on the merits of the case.

SOCIETIES.

BIBLICAL ARCHÆOLOGY.—January 7, 1873, Dr. Birch, F.R.S., President, in the chair. Two papers were then read:—
1. "On some recent Discoveries in south-Western Arabia." By Captain W. F. Prideaux, F.R.G.S.—This paper consisted of a carefully digested summary of the history and geography of the country of the Himyarites, from traditional Arabic literature, and the safer testimony of the coins and bronze inscriptions collected and translated by MM. De Longpérier and Halévy.
2. "On the Tomb of Joseph at Shechem." By Professor Donaldson, Ph. D., K.L., F.R.S., B.A.—This was a description of the present state of that most interesting and well-authenticated antiquity, derived from a very recent visit to the Holy Land. The learned professor believed that the actual sepulchre was in a vault under the present Moslem structure, which is considerably out of repair, and is in no small degree injured by the subsequent erection of two Mahometan tombs, which are also falling into decay. In the further side of the building are two memorial tablets, and a third in English, recording the burial of Joseph, is about to be affixed by the order of the late British Consul at Damascus.

GEOLOGICAL.—January 8, Professor Ramsay, Vice-President, in the chair. The first of a series of papers on "The Secondary Rocks of Scotland," by Mr. J. E. Judd, was read, the present paper treating only of the secondary rocks of the east coast.

Mr. Judd had been aided in these researches by the making of a railway cutting through Sutherland. The estuarine strata of the Scotch jurassic series present many points of resemblance to the English wealden. Portions of cretaceous formations had been found by Mr. Judd in the course of his investigations both in the western mainland and on several of the islands. These secondary rocks are exposed in patches round Moray Firth, at Brora, in Cromarty Bay, in Elgin and in Caithness. A characteristic feature of the formations is the extraordinary manner in which they are contorted and crumpled, the dislocation increasing as they approach the palæozoic era. The preservation of these isolated patches of secondary strata is due to great "faults." The old jurassic strata were evidently deposited in the sea, and the process of deposition appears to have been of the gentlest kind interrupted occasionally by violent floods. The presence of enormous blocks of rock seems to point to the action of ice, but no signs of striation such as invariably accompany glacial action were observed. The facts brought forward showed that strata of the secondary system, which form nearly the whole of England south of a line drawn from the Tees to the Mersey, and thence south to Lyme Regis, were once spread over Scotland, and have been subsequently worn away by denuding agents. In the discussion that followed, Mr. Etheridge corroborated many of Mr. Judd's conclusions with respect to the fossil animals; and Mr. Carruthers remarked that among other valuable results due to this paper was the discovery of fossil plants belonging to periods almost unknown in the southern portions of England as regards their plant remains. Mr. Evans inquired whether the enormous faults were supposed to have taken place gradually or by catastrophe. Mr. Judd, in reply, stated that the "strike" of the faults was from N.E. to S.W., and that the whole disturbance of the country had taken place in that direction. Moreover, he did not consider the faults to have been produced suddenly, but to be the result of infinitely slow movement going on throughout the whole period of Geological time. The next meeting will take place on the 22nd inst., the Duke of Argyll in the chair.

LITERARY GOSSIP AND TABLE TALK.

NAPOLEON III., in the midst of his misfortunes, could evidence upon occasion his profound interest in the past glories of France, and his generous sympathy with anything relating to English literature. Recently, for example, a work commemorative of the heroic life and tragic death of La Pucelle was sent to his Majesty by the Englishman who was the author of it. Immediately by return of post there came from Chiselhurst a gracious note, in the Emperor's own handwriting, in acknowledgment, expressing sympathy with the theme itself, and with his unknown correspondent.

The author of *Festus* is now in London, with his health, as we believe, and certainly as we hope, re-established. Nearly a quarter of a century ago, namely, on the 3rd March, 1848, the president at the annual soirée of the Nottingham Mechanics' Institute, in the course of his speech, remarked, "When I speak of Charles Wright and Philip Bailey, I need not go very far back to say that Nottingham has pre-eminent claims to assert that it is poetical." Without begrudging his birthplace a particle of its honour, Mr. Bailey's London friends would be glad to learn that he had settled down as at his permanent place of residence in the metropolis.

The Royal Academician, Mr. Edward William Cooke, who is also an F.R.S., and an F.G.S., and F.Z.S., as well as an artist of unquestionable and bizarre genius, has, by his guinea quarto of "Grotesque Animals," just out, recalled to our recollection John Varley the water colourist, the contemporary of William Blake, about as odd and nearly as gifted as Blake himself. Mr. Cooke's *Grotesque Animals*, which he announces as "invented, described, and portrayed" by him (creatures of which he parenthetically intimates that they are *Systema natura non apud Linnaum, Entwicklungsgeschichte*), would puzzle even one familiar with the gryphons and chimeras dire of heraldry. Varley's grotesqueries, however, included among them what no one after once

seeing it will ever forget, what Varley actually affected to have beheld as by second sight in spiritual vision, the Ghost of a Flea, a horribly blood-thirsty looking monster. Fleas, according to Varley's philosophy, being the dwindled race of blood-suckers to which, by way of punishment, the souls of murderers are reduced.

We understand that Messrs. Lonsdale and Lee, the joint authors of the translation of Virgil, which forms part of Messrs. Macmillan's "Globe Series," are preparing a translation of Horace. This will likewise be a Globe volume.

Miss Emma Lenthley has completed the second and concluding volume of her life of Sir W. H. Maule. This will be published after her return from Rome.

In striking contrast to the fall of the delicate snow flakes over the few charred *débris* still left at Chicago, and over the rapidly resurgent streets and squares of the vast city is the rain, rather as of flaming brimstone, and flaring petroleum, and blighting vitriol, and detonating nitro-glycerine, falling on the doomed head of our countryman, Mr. James Anthony Froude wheresoever he goes, north, south, east, or west, in the United States of America. He is certainly catching it on all hands, and that frightfully. The Dominican Friar has had at him with a will, and with a bone in his (the friar's) wrist into the bargain. Mr. Meline, after putting a keen edge to his tomahawk in the interests of Mary Queen of Scots of reviled memory, has all but scalped the annalist in her vindication. Last and not least of all Mr. Wendell Phillips, one of the most accomplished orators west of the Atlantic, has girded at the historian by the hour with an eloquence of denunciation that has drawn forth from his host of excited hearers explosions of acclamations. Inveighing against Mr. Froude and his arguments in regard to Ireland, now at Boston, now at New York, Mr. Wendell Phillips had his audience with him throughout. Denying the object of his diatribes, the title of historian, he dubbed him point blank "a brilliant writer of party pamphlets," just as some one nearer home spoke of Macaulay years ago as a great Whig pamphleteer. Flouting Mr. Froude in such terms as those is certainly, it must be allowed, paying him out in his own coin. For precisely in the same strain he, Mr. Froude himself, outraged the hearts of nearly all the Irish in America to a man by talking of the Liberator as nothing more than the merest platform agitator. No wonder if only in remembrance of that one, to him, intolerant phrase, Mr. Wendell Phillips, who cherishes the most fervent admiration for O'Connell, has gone in at his depreciator Froude with a vengeance. Besides which the American orator has long since come to be a very proverb among his fellow citizens all through the United States, as one having always the intensest sympathy with the under dog in a fight. Erin he regards as the one down in the present mêlée, and her assailant, Froude, as not only sitting upon her as she lies there (on the *tapis*), but dealing her many a cruel, not to say foul, blow as he does so. No marvel it is, therefore, under the circumstances, that Mr. Phillips with his temperament feels very poignant sympathy for the assailed, and retaliates as fiercely as possible on the assailant. In denouncing the English historian as a traducer of Ireland, he charges him with nothing less than wild exaggeration. A single instance will suffice to show what is his meaning in this. Froude declares that the population of Ireland when conquered by the English Lord Protector was 1,500,000. And he further says that out of that million and a half the Irish sent into the field against Cromwell's 50,000 soldiers, by whom they were beaten, as many as 200,000! Otherwise while France, stirred by German hate, arms at the rate of one in fifty, while Germany, on her side, arms at the rate of one in thirty-eight, Ireland would thus appear to have armed at the rate of one in four! "If Mr. Froude tells the truth," exclaims Mr. Wendell Phillips in commenting on this, "no tongue can describe the infamy of the Government that struck at such a people." Hitherto Mr. Froude, during his American tour, has been all but dumb in regard to antagonists. Father Burke, he has plainly declared, shall in future go unanswered. Mr. Maline he has swept aside with little more than a sentence. We shall be curious to learn whether the more direct and pointed attacks of Mr. Phillips have elicited any more studied reply, particularly seeing how the assaults made by the orator on the historian's reputation, upon his judgment, and even upon his veracity, have been cheered to the echo by large masses of the American population.